

# CAVALCADE

AUGUST 1947



★ **DEATH**

STEAMS INTO PORT

★ CASTING COUCH IS NO JOKE ★ THE MEN WHO BURY YOU

*Train your eye to  
see QUALITY!*



**GUARANTEED NEVER TO FADE OR SHRINK!**

# Cavalcade

**CONTENTS ☆ AUGUST, 1947**

## ARTICLES

Death Steams Into Port	C. Mason Kerr	4
I Saw Snakes at Home	Lido Kingsbury	8
Sherlock Holmes—Alive and Well	Ray S. Symons	12
The Casting Couch is no Joke	Sylvia Samuels	16
Ringing in a Racehorse	Jack Stevens	20
Meet the Current Mixer	D. K. Lane	24
Snakes and His Toys	Wanda J. Fanning	28
The Men Who Buy You	W. K. Robertson	34
A Bomb for the Governor	R. Wilkes Hunter	38
The Rebel Had 38 Victims	George Farwell	62

## FICTION

Los Angeles	Karon Kenny	38
In the Country	Frank Sanoa	44
Long Complete Story		
The Repentance of Delilah	Bruce Thompson	77

## FEATURES

Personally Speaking		34
Passing Sentences		37
That Extra Shelf	Gibson	50-52
Medicine on the March		53
The Home of Today	W. Watson Sharp	66-68
Photographic		35, 36, 70-75
Problem of the Month		76
Games from the Cavalcade Storyteller		76
Contents	1, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 33, 46, 48, 51, 61, 65	

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# DEATH STEAMS INTO PORT



—WATSON KERR

Three times innocent ships have brought mass destruction to cities.

AN act of carelessness, an error of judgment and a thriving city can be turned into blinding pain with death strewn shattered streets and over all the horrifying sickening odor of seared flesh.

From the open ocean a ship laden with potential death—explosives and munitions—steams into a busy port. Then some last trigger of fate unleashes awful forces upon an unsuspecting community.

The disaster at Texas City (U.S.A.) this year when the French seacruiser *Grand Camp* blew up, recalls that in modern history there have been two similar major disasters that had serious effects on towns.

At Halifax (Nova Scotia) in 1917 it was the French steamer *Mont Blanc* and at Bombay in 1944 it was the *Fort Stikine*. In each

instance, the hapless townspeople were unaware of the deadly cargoes stowed away in the holds. The ships they saw in their harbors were apparently harmless merchantmen and with a touch, a sheet of kind flame, a column of roiling black and grey smoke, they disappeared.

On December 6, 1917, Halifax was calm. The weather was foul, my winds drove alert along the streets and across the harbor. A convoy moved slowly seaward shortly before 9 a.m. The Norwegian freighter *Olo* weighed anchor and swung her snub bows towards the ocean. She reached the Narrows as the French steamer *Mont Blanc*, her holds full of explosives, entered the port.

The *Mont Blanc*, owing to starvation and signalled her movement by a black on her stern. The *Olo*

and the *Mont Blanc* drew close to each other. On both bridges captains, officers and pilots spar staccato orders and helmsmen swung wheels frantically. They tried desperately to avert collision.

The *Olo* men suddenly saw the *Mont Blanc* party on the Frenchman wave wildly and scamper aft. Next instant the ships crashed. The *Olo* hit deeply into the starboard bow of the *Mont Blanc*. Steel plates crumpled like thin cardboard and the shower of sparks from steel upon steel set fire to oil, benzol and kerosene that dripped from fractured drums.

In a few minutes the fire on the *Mont Blanc* was screaming through the holds, seamen took to the lifeboats. They landed on Halifax's bleak waterfront and shouted warnings to unprepared townspeople.

"Explosives!" they cried. "Take warning. Our ship is full of explosives!"

The shopkeepers of Halifax glanced out upon the harbor and saw smoke issuing from the fore and section of the *Mont Blanc*. They had no intimate knowledge of the power of T.N.T. or any other type of explosive. Sufficient precaution, they reasoned, would be to lock themselves in their shops, doors closed, shutters to windows.

In harbor was the British cruiser *Highflyer*. Her officers knew the danger. They sent off a brave for party, a band of men who knew they were speeding across to hell in the hope of saving the city. As they clambered aboard the *Mont Blanc*, it happened.

With a roar, the *Mont Blanc* blew up. A flash of flame lit the grey harbor for an entire instant. A

column of black smoke spouted high into the air and hovered like a destructive giant over the doll's house buildings and Lilliputian streets below.

A half-ton section of the *Mont Blanc's* anchor was blown three miles from the waterfront. Buildings crumpled. Men, women and children lay dead and dying in the streets and under broken masonry. Fires raged and the whole scene of destruction was pelted by red hot pieces of plating and rivets from the ship.

A huge rock was ripped from the bed of the harbor and thrown upon a wharf where it killed 64 men.

Children in their classrooms of a school were at their lessons. The building danced on top of them and out of 300 only three survived.

Fireboats went littered with broken bodies. Rescue parties were hampered in their efforts by the foggy weather. When the death toll was computed, over 2,000 had been killed and 20,000 injured.

In the years between wars the tragedy of Halifax was discussed as something that might never happen again. Then came World War II and in 1944, a disastrous explosion in Bombay.

Comparatively little is known in Australia of this, for Bombay was an important supply port in operations against the Japanese and for security reasons the full story of the explosion was not told at the time.

On April 14 Bombay was rocked by two violent explosions. The 7,000-ton merchant ship *Fort Stikine* carried 8,700 bales of cotton stored between 1,393 tons of munitions and explosives. She did not fly a red flag to indicate that

"THOMAS BYRNES is said to have been the first American police investigator to use the 'Third Degree.' He to use the 'Third Degree.' In one case he kept a man locked four days in a dark room, and on the fifth day led him out of the cell. Byrnes made the man stand in his office while he finished writing a letter. At last he told the man to sit down. The prisoner sank onto a couch and then kept to his feet with a shout of horror. It was blood-stained soles on which he had committed the crime. He confessed."

and bright sheets of flame spined from the hatchway and a dense column of smoke whirled skyward. Five minutes afterwards the fire-fighters were withdrawn from the ship.

Somebody had failed to warn other ships of the danger, and dockyard police down at the gates still were checking the passes of those who were leaving the area. This work was slow and hindered the departure of many who were caught in the eventual blast.

The great blast of flame from the first explosion shot 80 feet into the air. Twenty-seven minutes later came a second and bigger explosion, and red-hot metal was thrown 3000 feet up and showered death-dealing missiles over a radius of 900 yards.

Terror spread through Bantley. Burning debris set fire to warehouses and a native residential area of the city. Indians ran screaming from the scene. Some were overtaken by the swift passage of the flames and were burnt to death. Escape for some was cut off by debris and twisted tram cables, caused by a white-hot piece of metal that slashed through a 24-inch water main in one of the main streets. This happened quick and Indians piled on top of each other in a fatal bottle neck.

Many other ships caught fire. Hundreds of British sailors and soldiers and American soldiers did valiant fire fighting and rescue work. They fought widespread fires until the next day when weary, scorched and blacked, they brought them under control.

Of these 231 lost their lives and 476 were reported missing, probably blown to pieces in the first

two explosions. There were 510 civilians killed and those injured numbered over 2,000.

Australian ports were footsore indeed that they were not laid waste in like manner during the war. The authorities in Sydney Harbor were constantly on the alert as ships with ten times the destructive force of either the *Mount Blenc* or the *Port Sydney* were at anchor.

In February, 1944, ten invasion ships of the British Pacific Fleet were in Sydney at the one time. This fact was kept carefully secret and the populace never knew its danger. The ships were dispersed over a wide area of the port so that if one blew up, there would be less chance of it touching off the others.

Sydney Harbor had a hair-breadth escape on February 13, 1944, when the tanker *Esperve* lay at anchor in Athol Reach with 10,000 tons of aviation spirit aboard, caught fire at 5.4 a.m. A Maritime Services Board fireboat arrived alongside at 5.20 a.m. to find smoke billowing from the officers' accommodation.

Three cabins were gutted before the fire was put out but the aviation spirit was saved. Had it caught, the harbor would have become a sea of flame.

Barrage of Sydney firemen averted disaster at Walsh Bay on the afternoon of October 29, 1942, when the Dutch freighter *Tembeloe*, caught fire.

The late Captain Charles Hill, then Harbor Master, knew that one hold was crammed with mortar bombs. Flames were eating towards it, through a shipment of cork. Safety of the port and hundreds of lives depended upon whether the

hold could be flooded in time.

"We'd better keep this situation secret," Captain Hill said to Deputy Fire Brigades Chief Richardson.

However, Mr. Richardson had other ideas. He called his men around him and told them. "One hold's full of mortar bombs. We all run a risk of being blown sky high. I want you to stick to the job. The water must win!"

The firemen fought gamely. The deck became red hot and burnt the feet of the firemen through their heavy gumboots. But the water won and the peril passed, it was a very gallant action by the firemen of Sydney.

she carried a dangerous cargo.

At 1.30 p.m. one of the store-dens noticed smoke coming from the cotton-filled No. 2 hold. The fire was not reported as serious and two engines were sent across to the *Port Sydney*. Smoke from the hold increased and eight more engines were called to the ship.

Captain B. T. Oberst of the Royal Fisherys suggested that the only safe course to be followed would be to scuttle the *Port Sydney*. He was supported by the Royal Indian Navy commander in the port, but the advice was not taken, nor was the *Port Sydney* towed away from the danger area. Probable reason for this was that native crews of some of the tugs had already deserted.

At 5 p.m. the fire fighters who had been looking for the seat of the outbreak, received grim intimation. A dull red haze patch showed on the outside of the hull plates. Three-quarters of an hour later some of the explosives caught fire



I SAW

# SHEIKHS AT HOME



LEIDA KINGSBURY

I LEARNED about sheikhs first from a woman named E. M. Hull and a man named Rudolf Valentino.

Sheikhs were the men who invented the saying "love conquers all." And apparently that was all they did. They were strong and silent. They came from the desert on horses shod with iron, they were badly brought up, for they crept into your tent while you were asleep, but that had no compensations, for you voluntarily risked the land of Arabs with them.

They also made passionate, unreasonable love.

So two years ago, being in the East, I went to Baghdad, across the Arabian desert, looking for the real sheikhs, the original coffee-colored wolves. I found them.

I'll never forget the first sheikh I found. He chewed chewing gum, his fiery steed was a Ford and he had changed his name of Hassan Ali to Henry Albert.

I was introduced to him in Baghdad in the street named after Caliph

Abu Australian, and he talked to the symbols of romance.

Haroun al-Bashid, the setting was the lounge of a modern hotel and he wore European clothes. He told me that although he was head of his tribe and addressed as 'sheikh,' whenever he visited them, he did not go much for that sort of boozing. Educated at the American College at Beirut in the Lebanon, his Mecca was America, where things moved fast.

Henry Albert, after what I had been told about sheikhs, was rather more than a disappointment. And life being the curious twist of contradiction that it is, I had to go to London to have my faith in Mrs. Hull and Mr. Valentino renewed. For it was in London some months later that I met a true desert sheikh, quite out of his surroundings, but looking every inch what he was—the head of one of the most important tribes of Iraq.

More than six feet tall and magnificently built, Sheikh Ajil al-Jawar of the Shammar tribe was imposing in his long black abbas, or

cloak, trimmed with gold and his white headcloth secured with gold headpiece. He looked a potentate with his hooded dark eyes, aquiline nose and wavy black beard. He had come to London for a holiday.

I had heard a lot about Sheikh Ajil while I was in Iraq, where he was a legendary figure. Blood feuds are common in Iraq, so when during my stay, a rumor spread through Baghdad that Sheikh Ajil had been killed, many believed it. Although the Assyrians and the Arabs are usually at loggerheads, a little Assyrian waiter at my hotel was upset to hear the news. "Not the big Sheikh Ajil?" he asked sorrowfully. His concern was a great tribute.

Through the territory where Sheikh Ajil's sheep and camels roam—near Mosul, about 200 miles north of Baghdad—run the "Baghdad-Berlin" railroad and the Iraq Petroleum Company's oil pipeline to the Mediterranean. Several millions of tons of oil flow each year through the pipeline. The goodwill of Sheikh Ajil, whose Bedouins could easily sabotage the railroad or the pipeline, is important to the British and to the Iraq Government.

Through an interpreter I interviewed Sheikh Ajil at his London hotel. At least that was my intention, but soon I found that I was being interviewed. The Sheikh was keenly interested in Australia and especially in which parts were fertile and which desert. He pored over a sketch outline I drew of Australia in an attempt to show him.

Also interested in our aborigines, he was puzzled about the action of

the boomerang and could not understand how it could return. I drew a boomerang beside the map of Australia and explained how one side was slightly longer than the other.

That didn't seem to convey much. So then I tried dumb pantomime. The Sheikh gave a disapproving grunt as if to say, "Enough of these fairy tales?" I felt rather silly and changed the subject.

We then talked about the Iraq Government's plan to settle the Bedouins, of whom there are 45,000 to 50,000, by presenting the sheikhs with land which their tribes could cultivate. Some observers considered that this movement was wrong because the Bedouin was the only person who could exploit the desert, which in spring has pastures for sheep and goats.

Sheikh Ajil's attitude was one of unconcern. "There will always be Bedouins in the desert," he declared. "Life in the desert is free and there men trust each other."

My time was up. I rose to go. Bidding me goodbye, Sheikh Ajil, with true Arab courtesy, offered me the hospitality of his tents if I should choose to visit Mosul. This was nearer to the sort of thing I had expected—only there was no wolfish grin on the sheikh's face. He was offering the traditional courtesy of his race, and his hospitality would include protection from intruders!

I was never able to read myself of the invitation, but a colorful description of a visit to Sheikh Ajil and of his noble hospitality is given in one of their books by Ruth and Helen Hoffman, two charming American writers, who wrote "We

# THE PRISONER

Too late! The lock is fast, no  
mortal key  
Can liberate my spirit from  
the cell.  
Too late . . . Oh, God, The  
hard frolic  
Of those two words that  
haunt me like a knell!  
And yet, with futile haste, I  
will recall  
Still do I beat against the  
bars of fate,  
Crying for freedom, till the  
rocky wall  
Seems echoing back to me,  
"Too late . . . too  
late . . ."

—T.W.N.

"Marned an Englishman" and "Our Arabian Nights." They discovered that, whatever popular fiction says, the Arabs insist on their women behaving themselves. A woman who commits adultery will probably lose her life, even today.

Men may have as many as four wives, but most townsmen have only one. Now influenced by modern education, the first women they marry imitate on that. And so you have to imagine of all things, a hen-pecked sheikh!

I remember meeting in Baghdad an Iraqi of a distinguished family who are traditional religious leaders and own a large and beautiful mosque. This young Iraqi was content with one wife—an attractive Egyptian girl, well educated and an excellent angler.

"I have told him what I will do if he takes another wife," the girl told me, laughingly.

"What will you do?" I asked.

"Walk out!" she said with a

sideways mischievous glance at her husband.

Most houses of wealthy Iraqis in Baghdad are built of baked bricks and painted in peacock blue or soft pink. They are constructed around a courtyard for coolness. The roofs are flat and the windows are overhanging and latticed.

The house of the modern young couple just mentioned was one of the most beautiful I have seen. You drove to it down a little, winding alleyway, dodging white donkeys on the way until you came to a heavy studded door. After entering the house and passing a courtyard, you stepped into a dream room of quiet chaos inlaid with a mosaic of mother of pearl, Persian carpets on the floors and beautiful Arabian tapestries on the walls. The ceiling was composed of countless pieces of mellow wood and golden glass, sitting together in a mosaic pattern. No nails had been used in its construction.

Through an English Naval Commander I was privileged to meet an Arab from one of the oldest families in Iraq. Although he wore European suits, spoke English and French and had travelled a great deal, this man never forgot that he was an Arab. His family claimed direct descent from Mohammed. His conversation was made delightful by the constant use of "We say in Arabic" or "In Arabic we have a proverb."

After what I had seen of the dignity, the restraint, the rigid modesty, of the Arabs—and that new discovery, the hen-pecked sheikh—I would dearly have liked to ask him what they said in Arabic about the people we call sheikhs,

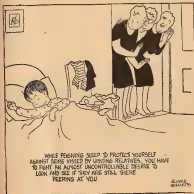
but I did not, he was just not the sort of man to appreciate the question, but I'll bet the Arabs, if they ever saw the movie, had a word for Valentino!

For my experience among the sheikhs and across the desert (by bus, and not by camel as the romantics might think) made me reflect bitterly that there is, perhaps, no romance at all left in life—all that we have imagined about the romantic desert, all the songs we have

sung and the books we have read, have been strikingly wrong. And I have no illusion that, had I ever got into a sheikh's tent, a strong bodyguard would have refrigerated me from romance—though nothing could have protected me from the pungent stench of the camp animals!

I might have been better to stay at home and keep my illusions.

As it is, I saw sheikhs at home, in their natural state. Farewell to dreams!



WHILE REIGNING SLACK TO PROTECT YOURSELF  
AGAINST DIPS KISSED BY UNWISDOM RELATIVES, YOU HAVE  
TO FIGHT AN ALMOST UNCONTROLLABLE DESIRE TO  
LOOK AND SEE IF THEY ARE STILL THERE  
PEERING AT YOU

CLARENCE  
WAGGERS



RAY R. SIMMONS

Conan Doyle's son is the real-life Holmes to wealthy Barbara Hutton.

ALMOST sixty years after Arthur Conan Doyle created his famous detective, Sherlock Holmes, his son Dennis is turning out to be a real-life sleuth of the best water. He is Sherlock Holmes in real life, and his job is the protection of the world's richest girl, Woolworth heiress, Barbara Hutton.

In the world's most colorful playground, Switzerland, the beautiful Barbara and her latest husband, Prince Igor Troubetzkoi, live in the exclusive Palace D Montagne Hotel, St. Moritz. With them is a fair fishing of Woolworth diamonds and similar costly trinkets, the magnet that draws the eyes of international crooks. Dennis Conan Doyle, himself a wealthy playboy, is the watchdog of the happy couple and their opulence. His job is to stave off con men, peccators, and the curious onlookers Doyle is himself related to Barbara Hutton by his marriage with the beautiful Princess Milvina, Barbara's ex-sweet-in-law.

Wherever Barbara appears the stock six-foot figure of her Holmes goes first. He bears an amazing resemblance to his famous father, both in looks and manner of speech, and he owes his spectacular sleuthing success to his close resemblance to his father's mind.

Arthur Conan Doyle, of course, had the mind which is attributed to Sherlock Holmes, and he used it for other things than writing detective stories. On several occasions he was called in by Scotland Yard and asked to turn his great powers of deduction towards solving mysteries that baffled the police. His most notable successes were, of course, the cases of George Edalji and Oscar Slater. In both of these cases grave injustices had been done under British Law and Doyle was able, through the same brilliant deductive powers which made Holmes an immortal figure, to reconstruct the cases and prove the innocence of both men. Indeed, he

obtained £5000 compensation for Slater, and his only reward was an obscure letter from Slater which he asked for reimbursement of the expenses incurred during the years of research he spent on the case.

Both Dennis and Adrian Conan Doyle travelled extensively with their father and were present at many of his deductive criminal reconstructions—a fact which no doubt enabled Dennis to become, in his turn, a real life Sherlock Holmes.

During the war, Dennis Conan Doyle's brilliance was turned to the service of his country, and he proved himself an ace intelligence man. His work for England in the United States was invaluable; tall, lean, typical secret service man of fiction, the really romantic high-spot of his career may never become a fully told story, because of the Official Secrets Act. But keen eyes watch his association with the Woolworth wealth and beauty, to see what he will do when, as seems inevitable, he must defend them against depredation.

Indeed, his association with Barbara Hutton ensures him of a spotlight since the fabulously wealthy woman has never been far away from the headlines. Married in turn to Prince Mdruan, and later to Count Reventlow who is the father of her son (who is now eleven years old) she tamed from European nobility to merry film star Cley Grant. Since her divorce from him she has travelled the world and it was at a society ball in Tangier that she met the expatriate heir of the throne of Lithuania (now a Soviet State) Prince Troubetzkoi, who became her fourth husband.

After the Tangier ball where the chosen stars bared and the disposable prince were introduced, Barbara returned to her palace (she owns a fabulous million-dollar palace of true Oriental splendor in Tangier) and Prince Troubetzkoi became a regular visitor to its vaulted corridors and splendid rooms. There was something of irony in the Blue Blood of Lithuania coming as a guest to the royal splendor of the rich American girl, something even more ironic in the quiet work being done behind these visits by Sherlock Dennis Conan Doyle, whose job it was to pull out of the past everything about Troubetzkoi that could possibly have a bearing on Barbara's love.

It was only with the death's favorable reports to hand that Barbara began to let her heart go, and it was because Dennis said everything was all right that the happy couple finally became man and wife. A more fantastic assignment for Dennis Conan Doyle than his father ever invented for the original Sherlock Holmes. But then, three husbands and an eleven-year-old son and thirty-five years, have not between them done anything at all to lessen the beauty of Barbara's face and figure, and when her beauty is augmented by the 5,000,000 dollar agent which she owns, it is understandable that caution of a high order should be exercised in major decisions.

The American press has not, generally, been kind to Barbara since her girlhood. Her younger years were marked with reports of peevish mislapses and adventures, and the press has been critical and patient of her, but although Troubetz-

"DINNER with Van and Rivel. The date was Monday evening for dinner; the place, Mr. and Mrs. Van Johnson's Beasts Manor home. The Johnsons were in their upstairs living room and room we were admiring the modern six-room house, the lovely outdoor pool and by far the best modern toilet in town.

Dinner was pleasant with Van taking second helpings of everything, especially the wonderful cake. Van is sincere to a husband. He has endured criticism and ridicule to achieve his happiness, and he will not hold it lightly.

"Yes," he said in answer to our question, "I did get a lot of mail before and after I married and I read every single letter. About fifty per cent. were against it and fifty for it. But now I notice a trend of approval in the tone of the letters that suggests that because I did marry a woman with two children and have taken them into my home, I was sincere."

—From *PHOTOPLAY*, the world's most popular movie magazine

hol was investigated to Baba's satisfaction, that story was not told in the papers of the time and the American public, who remembered Treubetzki's sister for a law suit against a film company over alleged libel in the film "Rasputin," did not give any warm reception to its heroine's third liaison with foreign nobility.

Hence, again these entered the lanky brilliance of Sherlock Dennis Conan Doyle, who was fully extended to keep tabs on the proposed stunts of Yankee pressmen who were trying consistently to spring surprise interviews on Barbara, to turn her against her will into whatever brand of news their papers or syndicates wanted.

When the late Mrs. Evelyn Walsh McLean, the wealthy American possessor of the Hope Diamond, held her most lavish Washington party shortly after the outbreak of the Japanese war, Dennis Conan Doyle was seated along and asked to combine his social evening with the arduous task of guarding

the famous diamond. His combination of detective skill and social grace led Mrs. Walsh McLean to remark later that this was the only time she had ever felt safe while wearing the stone.

When Barbara bought her Moorish castle in Tangier she kept Doyle's mind busy by having him watch the safety of priceless tapestries and works of art, as well as expensive collections of jewels, which were taken from every part of Europe to make her Moorish home something better than the average museum of art. The problem of watching workmen who moved things into the castle, of checking and "vetting" the domestic and personal staff employed in the place, and of ensuring that no leakage in the multitude of treasures occurred, was thrown entirely onto Doyle.

It would probably be impossible for him to do his work in association with these people if he were not himself extremely wealthy, as a result of the colossal fortune made

by the books about his ancestral sleuth—that fortune is stout enough to knock back an offer of ten shillings a word for one of the only two unpublished Sherlock Holmes stories in existence, "The Case of the Man Who Was Wanted," which the Doyle estate refused to sell because it fails to reach the high standards set by its predecessors. But in Japan the Doyle estate is instituting proceedings against a major publishing house for alleged failure to notify and pay royalties on the thousands of copies of Japanese printed editions of Holmesian material. American lawyers who are working on this case estimate that the amount due runs into several thousand pounds.

In China and Egypt the Holmes stories are so highly regarded that they are used as police text books—and Dennis Conan Doyle, brilliant as his own deductive powers are,

has such reverence for the works of the Master that he is able to recite verbatim every one of the sixty-two Sherlock Holmes stories! Quite a number of these stories tell how the Master saved valuable jewels from falling into criminal hands—and there is no doubt that in memorizing them the younger Sherlock has a store of material to guide him should any attempts be made on the gems he now guards.

It was rumored recently that Winston Churchill, who was an intimate friend of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, intends writing the story of the author. Should he do so, he may get a touch of color by taping up in the story the bill, quack-sawing son whose adventures in society diamonds are as improbable and colorful as his work as a secret service man, and who strides across a chapter of contemporary history as Sherlock Holmes, alive and well.







# THE CASTING COUCH IS NO JOKE

Don't put your daughter on the stage, Mrs. Worthington—if she's "innocent."

TWO smartly-dressed girls sat side by side in the half-empty theater cabin. One of them turned to her companion.

"What happened—I thought you were all set for a part in that new musical comedy?"

The other girl laughed shortly.

"The old, old story, my dear. I didn't play the same game as Mr. Producers—so," she shrugged her shoulders, "no game, no contract."

Her friend chuckled her tongue.

"It's the limit," she snook. "A decent girl doesn't get anywhere if she has to fight against competition like that."

That casually overheard conversation set me thinking. It recalled to mind the girl who had been staying at the same boarding house as myself on my last vacation.

A number of the house guests sat around the lounge after dinner and an elderly woman persuaded the girl next to her to sing for us. I wasn't surprised to hear she could sing, but I was surprised to hear the quality of her voice.

Later in the evening I had the opportunity to speak to her.

"You have a lovely voice," I said. "Are you doing radio work?"

She turned to me rather quickly.

"I was once, but not in Australia." She paused a moment and I felt her studying me closely. Then she added, "It is rather more difficult here."

"Have you had an audition?" I queried.

She smiled ruefully.

"I'm afraid I wasn't nearly up to standard for that."

I was surprised. "Surely you were entitled to an audition?"

"I had several interviews with our man. For a while I was quite hopeful, but unfortunately he didn't appear to be interested in whether I could sing or not."

"But that doesn't make sense to me. What did he talk to you about?"

"Well, the first time he told me about his job and all the things he could do for an artist if he thought they showed promise. The second time he took me to lunch and told me what a worry his home life was to him." She stopped.

"Did he tell you his wife didn't understand him?" I asked with a grin.

She smiled too. "He did, using a slightly new angle."

"And the third time you saw him, because I am sure there was a third?"

"You're right. He took me to dinner ostensibly to arrange the details of my engagement."

"Yes?"

"The engagement didn't even take."

There was silence for a moment and then I asked:

"Where were you singing before?"

"On commercials in America. It was rather ironical really as I was singing there for twelve months on a programme associated with the one I was trying to get on here."

These two stories amazed me. I had often heard mention of the "casting couch" in terms loaded with meaning, but I could not believe that the destiny of Australian artists depended upon such factors. I decided to look around.

It was coincidence that soon after that I renewed an earlier acquaintanceship with a young actress who had successfully played a number of minor parts in Australian productions. She laughed when I told her what I had heard, but she answered my questions seriously.

"No, I haven't had any disagreeable experiences at all," she said. "In fact, the men I have had to deal with have been highly principled and extremely painstaking in selecting parts. But I do know of one instance that will probably amuse you."

She told me then of a friend of hers who a few years ago decided she would like to try her luck in films. She had experience on the stage and radio.

The man to whom she was directed to apply for a screen test is no longer in the film business. He assured the girl he could get her a part in the next film being produced and he gave her a lot of his time and attention, introducing her to film folk and taking her out to dinner.

"Then one night he took her home to his bachelor apartment for dinner and to sign her contract," my informant told me. "She hid his head around on the right way and she made sure the contract was signed and finished as soon as she got there." There was a twinkle in my young friend's eye as she went on. "That was when the fun started. It ended up by the actress slapping his face and walking out of the flat with the contract safely stowed away in her purse."

"Did she win out in the end?" I asked.

"Yes, she did. The picture was

a success and so was she. What's more, her future was assured and she had no need to worry any further about the gentlemen who signed her first contract. No doubt he was tearing his hair out with rage.

Few of these incidents have such a happy ending. The usual result is a signed contract and the smashing of careers before they have begun—or else! The proverbial wolf is unfortunately no myth.

In America where upstarts jostle topstars for a place on stage or screen, the notorious casting couch is much more of a reality than it is in Australia. Accomplished and experienced actresses are comparatively few in number in Australia and those with obvious ability and talent must eventually succeed on their merits alone.

It is among the small-part actresses and the hundreds of girls who consider themselves qualified to break into a stage or radio career that the desperate competition exists.

"It is almost impossible to get a footing if you're an unknown actress," one pretty young girl told me. "I trained at a dramatic school, I've played the lead in repertory plays and I know I could be a noticeable success if only I had the chance to show someone what I can do. But everyone is too busy to even listen to me."

In the theatrical business there will always be found the unscrupulous—men who are actresses to "sell" the minor roles and girls who are willing to trade for a spot in the show. Mild flirtations and more permanent liaisons are established on the promise of a niche in a new

stage or radio play, but many of these promises are never fulfilled.

One well-known stage and radio actress to whom I talked told me she had heard a discussion between a few of the chorus and walk-on girls of a production.

"I played along with that skunk for eighteen months and only got a two line part," one girl said.

"That's poor faith," another one said. "You know what he expected."

I asked a well-known theatrical for an opinion of the casting couch in Australia.

"I think there are few instances where a talented actress has reached the top of the ladder by this means. I do know of one case perhaps where a man was influential enough to bring an obviously minor star into prominence. An actress often finds it necessary to repel unwelcome advances, but if she is a competent actress she has no difficulty in finding another job."

"These wolves—as we call them—do they lurk mainly among the producers?" I asked her.

"Oh, no," she answered. "You are likely to happen on them anywhere, but of course they wield more power if they're at the controls. Way back in my early days of acting I remember losing a contract, much to my chagrin, but it wasn't until later that I learned why. Apparently it was because I had failed to realize what was expected of me."

The most humorous story I unearthed in my probing was told to me by an actress who had done quite a lot of modelling for photographers and artists.

"Models are very rarely worried with unwanted attention while they

are working," she said, "but one occasion I had an experience which was most unnerving at the time, although I had a good laugh about it afterwards. I was posing for a commercial artist for the first time and we were in his studio. The sketch he was doing necessitated my standing on a desk with yards and yards of material draped over and around me. Before the sketch was finished we rested a while and the artist became difficult. I fought with him and at last in a fitting rage he stomped out of the studio and left me, jacking the door as he went. When he hadn't come back after an hour I was in a predicament. I had an appointment which I wanted to keep, my clothes were in another room and I was unable

to open the door. Then I discovered a fire escape leading down from the window, so finally in desperation I gathered my drapes about me and down I went. I often wonder what the people who saw me descending thought of me. When I got to the bottom I hailed a taxi to take me home."

As a result of my enquiries I am satisfied that the casting couch in Australia is something more than a joke. I am assured that for every corrupt trader of stage and radio there are the many who cast for talent and ability alone, and for the sake of these men as well as of the actresses themselves, at a time the casting couch was dismantled and stored away in some completely inaccessible storeroom.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

# "Ringing In" A RACEHORSE



A man who worked the swindle tells how he did it, and didn't get rich.

JACK STEVENS

I'M no Rockefeller, but I reckon

I've donated as many cheques to hospitals as the next fellow. Mind you, I'd have preferred to have cashed those cheques myself, but the chances are I'd have earned myself a 12-months' stretch in the jug.

You see, they represented prize-money won at race meetings by "possums" which raced under my ownership and according to some silly law, if I collected them I'd have been guilty of misrepresentation. I got my "cop" from barking the "possums."

Possums? They're "nags," or in the better-known parlance of the racing game, "ringers"—good horses entered in races under the names of modern performers. These days, the game's not worth a cracker, and it's made worse by the fact that, whether you collect the prize-money or not, you're likely to find yourself fitted on a conspiracy charge.

But 30-odd years ago, when I was using my initiative and talents

to earn an honest penny, "ringing-in" was as easy as winking, and a very greatly patronized art at that.

I've seen races where half the field were "possums," and I once had a falling out with a good friend because one of mine got up and beat his entry. I reckon he deserved to lose; hadn't told me that his own horse was a "nag." Things like that make you lose your faith in human nature.

The usual way to go about the job was to race a "rabbit" at a country meeting in order to get a clearance for it. This gave details of color and markings, and became the key to finding a make of pretty similar description. With the original horse stolen away, you'd send a photo and details of the horse's markings to an agent in New Zealand, who'd scout around until he found a nag who might have been the other's identical twin.

Now, New Zealand horses aren't branded, so it is an easy matter, when the potential "possum" ar-

rives in Australia to brand him the same way as the original. When you've let the hair grow over the brand, you've got a "nag."

Mainly, I worked the Northern Rivers of N.S.W., and it was there that I got hold of a horse called Fast George. He had no distinctive markings, which made it easy. I noted him five times under different names, that wasn't unusual, but the peculiar part about it was that on each occasion, although the meetings were hundreds of miles apart, the same starter sent the field away.

He'd seen George once as him self, and when he saw him come to the barrier as a "possum," I saw him scratch his head. I was riding George myself. I worked across at the starter—whom I'll call O'Leary, because that's not his name—but the only response I got was a scowl. As we lined up, George turned on his usual habit of playing up, and O'Leary threatened to send them off without me.

"Let 'em go," I replied. "This fellow can give them a fuiling war and a beating."

He sent up the barrier with George standing well out, but my horse was past them in three hops and won by a street. Later, O'Leary came up to me and told me he'd remember where he'd seen the horse before or best trying.

A month later, Fast George raced under still another name, altogether, O'Leary started George six times—but it wasn't until six months later, when I was backing my mes-ticket about that he remembered.

"That's him!" he called across a street in a country town. "That's the fellow. What's his name?"

"Fast George," I replied, with out a tremor.

"And what happened to So-and-So, and Such-and-Such?" He riddled off the names under which George had raced.

"I sent 'em back to their owners." And bidding him a courteous good afternoon, I rode off. But I never gave him another chance of catching up with me. Not with Fast George, anyway.

After a win, I inevitably left the course without collecting the prize-money, and many's the time I've found cheques waiting for me at home. I returned them amply, suggesting that the club send them to the local hospital. I was too old at the game to be trapped like that.

"Ringing in" is a nerve-wracking business, and I remember how on one occasion a guilty conscience made a coward out of a friend of mine.

He had a horse strong at a meeting at Grafton and, needless to say, the horse wasn't the one the stewards thought he was. The "possum" rattled home, but to my friend's horror, the moment the field returned to the saddling paddock, the "Prater" flag went up.

He ran, not walked, to the nearest exit, and caught the first train out of town, leaving the horse and racing gear behind. It wasn't until the next day he learnt that the protest was not made because the stewards suspected the horse's identity, but because the rider of the second horse claimed that he had met with interference in running.

Thirty-odd years ago, a horse and his connections were disqualified for life after a maiden six-furlong race at Victoria Park, N.S.W. The

# SUCCESS!

Take a blouse-shop, and a frock-shop  
And an anti-shop ("rather quaint"),  
Take some artificial jewellery,  
(Wine, tin, and bits of paint),  
Take, say, twenty other shop-ettes,  
Coffee, shoes, and soles (fresh-made),  
Plus a weight-club and a flower-stall  
And you've got, well, on "Artede"

Take some people, many people,  
Crowds of people, have and have  
Send a few into the shop-ettes  
And you've got, well, "customers"  
Count the items that they purchase,  
Count the money they have spent,  
And—if prices are as always—  
Well, good lord! you've got the rent!

—EVE MERRITT

incident caused a sensation at the time, and it's still remembered as an outstanding "magnificent" job.

I never knew the man who was quoted as the owner, nor any of the others who were robbed out. But I knew the horse. You see, I owned it.

I still smile when I remember the case, because the stewards, in trying to trace the real identity of the "possum," pinned it on the wrong horse.

It's a story that's never been told, and it's a good one. Here it is:

One day, at my home town, I was approached by a friend of mine.

"Steve," he said, "a funny thing happened to me a while back. A fellow rode up to my place and asked me if he could leave his mare in my paddock. I said 'Yes,' and he dismounted and went off. That

was six months ago, and the mare's still there. Yesterday, I saddled her and tried her out. She threw me. Will you quieten her for me?"

I replied that I'd come along the following week. In the meantime, a buckump show came to town, and my friend took the mare along. She threw the show's star rider almost through the top of the tent.

Next week, I attended the mare, and she trotted off like a thorough little lady. I put her into a canteen, and I knew I had a champion under me. I clipped her, and found spur markings that could only have been made during a rough finish. I'm no romanticist, but I was convinced that the orphan who had been lost on my friend's doorstep was something of a stolen one.

When, later, I put her over four furlongs, the clock and 49 seconds. And I began to make plans.

I got in touch with a friend of mine, and he came to the town to see the mare. He agreed that she was all I'd claimed. A week or two later, she was on her way to Mastland, and a few days after that, she took her place as a maiden un-furlong event at Victoria Park.

I stayed in my home town, and didn't even come into the picture. I heard that she was backed for thousands, off the course. She won by a length and a half, and started at 20 to one. But bad news was to follow the telegram telling me of her victory: the stewards—always, in my opinion, the possessors of suspicious minds—arrived at her stall and made an inspection, with the result that prurieness was withheld.

That night, the mare disappeared from the stable where she'd been temperarily quartered.

I was forced to listen to hard words from the population of my home town, for they held the view that I should have told them about the job in hand. Although they'd

often seen the mare outside the local pub and post-office when I was using her as a back, I had to deny it to the local police, and to the stewards who "invited" me to see the original horse at Mastland. In fact, I've kept on denying it till this day.

The pay-off came about a year later, when I was introduced to a respected Brisbane business man. We fell to talking about horses, and he told me about one his wife had owned—a brown filly with similar markings to the orphan. He mentioned a few characteristics of the filly, and I became convinced that she and the orphan were one and the same.

Warily, I put a few questions, and finally asked him what became of the filly. She had, he said, been stolen from her stable in South Australia, and been traced to the Brisbane border. I was able later to ascertain that my mare was in truth the missing filly.

And she had run second in one of Australia's greatest classics!





MEET THE

## CEMENT MIXER

It can't make cement—it can't make sense; but it's made money

CEMENT mixes, putt-putt, a puddle o' vooty, puddle o' scooty, puddle o' gooty. Cement mixer, putt-putt, a puddle o' veet—concrete! First you get some gravel, pour it on the veet, to mix a mass o' mortar, you add cement and water—see the mellowmooney come out—slurp, slurp, slurp!

Like it? Whether you do or not doesn't trouble Mr. Butler (Sims) Gaillard—for Mr. Gaillard, you see, is the character who inspired the world to repeat such gibberish, and as the father of the epic number, has been rubbing his hands sleekly into calluses with the satisfaction of having written a best seller. Within 10 days of "Concrete Mixer" being recorded, 20,000 discs had been sold.

Mr. Gaillard's strange faculty for turning jungle noises into folding

money has not ended with the classic we quote above. Before and after he induced it upon the world, he has written such outstanding opuses as *Doo Six Cents*, *Mineat in Veet*, and *Rep Rep Hercus*, all of which are still adding to the Gaillard bank account. And regardless of his chances of finding his biography, bound in Morocco leather, alongside those of Beethoven and Bach, Gaillard enters posterity as the creator of the beautifully nonsensical type of lyric known as "mellowmooney."

Another character, name of Dumpy Gallispaw, dived into the depths and came up with *Be Rep She Ban Klugel Map*, yet another, Timmy Rogers, gave us *Fla-ti-ga-pa*, Sid Lipman thrust *Chickery Chick* on hapless-stricken long-hairs, and—if you're still with us—you can take

your choice from fetching little things like *Hey Be Be Be Rep* and *O Bob O Lee Bob*.

One of the few pleasant aspects of "mellowmooney" is that you don't have to understand it. Gaillard himself often has bother in supplying a literal translation of his lyrics, most of which are based on his own philosophy that life is largely a matter of 'voat' and 'voet'—a philosophy which (he says) is self-explanatory. No, you don't have to understand "mellowmooney"—and you don't have to like it.

But lots of people do. In fact, that legendary haunt of composers, Tin Pan Alley, has gone on record as predicting two more years of life for "mellowmooney," and less conservative members of the musical profession say that provided sufficient new jungle noises can be found or invented, the thing could go on indefinitely.

Meanwhile, followers of the mighty Gaillard are working their fingers to the bone in an attempt to keep up with the demand for the newest and scrawniest trend in modern music, for they have found that it is easier to cash in during the height of popularity of a music cycle than to try to anticipate what the public will be whistling and singing in six months' time. With Gaillard the notable exception, Tin Pan Alley has lost out; the pioneer gets the ark of the chicken.

Throughout his life, The Alley has seen such daffy numbers as "Yes, We Have No Bananas" and "The Music Goes Round" hit the top-spot, and as a result has become a little disillusioned in its

aptitude for picking the right ones, it knows that the life-cycle of a trend is notoriously unpredictable, and it knows that the prospects of a number achieving posterity are slight.

How many people of this day and age, for instance, can come right out and unashamedly give the company the words of "Beautiful Ohio"? Yet that same number rates as the all-time sheet-music best seller with 3,000,000 copies. "Till We Meet Again" sold 4,000,000 copies, and in the phonograph record field, Al Jolson's "Sonny Boy" heads the list. Best sellers of their day, all three are now sung by the bourgeoisie about as often as Teet's "Goodbye."

Of modern numbers, "White Christmas," "Don't Fence Me In," and "Till the End of Time" have passed the million mark in sheet music sales.

What makes a best seller? No genius has yet evolved a system to enable music publishers to pick infallibly the numbers that will make the Hit Parade, and consequently publishers are compelled to resort to a formula termed, by the cognoscenti, "plugging."

Established composers like Cole Porter, Irving Berlin and Hoagy Carmichael have little difficulty in finding band-leaders who will co-operate in making their new numbers popular, but the publisher who feels there are possibilities in an opus tossed in by an unknown song-writer must be prepared to spend good cash before he learns whether he's got a hit or a flop.

He has to persuade band-leaders that the number is worthy of inclusion in that maestro's repertoire

A MALE fish which incubates eggs by carrying them in its mouth has been found by scientists studying the fish and animal life at Gloucester. The egg-hatching male is a species of freshwater cichlid. It not only incubates the young in its mouth, but also occasionally cradles the young there, from time to time the baby fish nose back to the mouth of their father for shelter. During all this time the male "mother" does not eat.

sold 1,250,000 copies, for which his return was 75,000 dollars; for other composers, the reward would be just half that amount.

For records, the royalty is one and a half cents for each disc, and is divided equally between composer and publisher. "Don't Fence Me In" sold 2,500,000 copies—that's another 37,000 dollars.

The American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers contributes a little more gray. Every time the number is performed in a theatre, dance hall, hotel, radio station, restaurant or night club, a further few cents are collected on the composer's behalf. Writers like Porter and Berlin can look forward to receiving 20,000 dollars a year from ASCAP, which annually distributes 7,000,000 dollars to its members.

If the composer is lucky enough to have his song used in the special track of a film, he gets 250 dollars, and the publisher gets an equal amount. If it's featured by a singer or a band during the film, they will split between 750 and 1,000 dollars.

One of the least reliable ways to ensure the success of a number is to have Crosby sing it in a movie. Unfortunately for up-and-coming composers, most of Bing's songs are written by the team of Burke and Van Heusen. "Going My Way," "Swingin' on a Star," "Moonlight Becomes You" and "Sunday, Monday, and Always" are a few of the numbers they have written for Bing—and which, incidentally, have helped them to become Hollywood's most successful song-writing team; each year, they sign salary-chests to the tune of 300,000 dollars.

All of which indicates that the

secret of making a success of a number is to have it "plugged" by a well-known singer. And that, according to my spies in the music world, is why the Australian composer hasn't a dog's chance of earning a crust.

Look at it this way. Gus Smith writes a song which he feels<sup>8</sup> and his friends assure him, is as good as anything that ever came from the other side of the Pacific. If he were an American, Gus might find a publisher willing to take a chance and, by constant "plugging," continue to lift it to "Hit Parade."

Shrewd music publishers, conscious of the apathy towards Australian publications, are wary, he can't persuade a recording company to disc it because it hasn't been published in sheet music form, and he can't have it plugged by an artist capable of lifting it to the heights because

—well, simply because we have no access with even the comparative public following of Crosby, Sinatra, or Danish Shere.

Some years ago, an Australian wrote a number called "The Bells of St. Mary's." In those days, every second home owned a piano, the alternate homes had a phonograph, and there was no radio—so that if you liked "The Bells of St. Mary's" you either had to buy the sheet music or a recording.

The number achieved a fair amount of success, and was even badly forgotten. For years, then, copies of "The Bells" collected dust on the shelves of the music stores. But the patron saint of music publishers—Bing—was still watching over them. For the Oscar-winning film, *The Bells of St. Mary's*, rumbled in their old stocks being cleared over-night.



# Snakes ARE HIS TOYS



Three death-adders bit the boy who tipped snakes on to the kitchen floor.

IN an old farmhouse in Victoria, a little boy of seven started his family by bringing with him to the Christmas dinner table a fine specimen of the venomous brown snake.

The horror-stricken father grabbed his shotgun. His hand trembled as he aimed, and he fired two barrels into the floor before he killed the reptile that slithered across the room.

The swift death of his new pet did not dampen the child's extraordinary enthusiasm for snakes.

"Freddie's got another snake!" His brothers and sisters would rush home from school, breathless and terrified. Freddie would be following close at their heels, firmly clutching his latest find.

Fred Wade was a lad of only 17 when he set out on the road with his first collection of "snaked snakes." Travelling from town to town, posing up with show people

whenever he could, he established for himself the reputation of the "Australian Snake-man." That name has earned him through thirty-three years of successful exhibitions.

"Just don't know why, but snakes have always had a great fascination for me," Mr. Wade was curling a long, green tree-snake around his arm as he spoke. "But the greatest thrill in the snake business is catching them."

The north of Queensland is Mr. Wade's most fruitful hunting ground. Twice a year he goes back there to renew his collection.

"I've been in some nasty spots," he said, "but about the worst was when I was after tiger snakes some years back in a little place near Echuca in Victoria. That was when I got my first tiger nip."

Mr. Wade rolled up his sleeve to point out a spot on one of his thickly-scared arms.

"Beauty he was, but darned if he didn't crawl away up a hollow log just as I was going to pounce. I tried smoking him out and pelting him with stones, but he wouldn't budge. The log was fairly big, so I decided to go up after him. I crawled up four or five feet and grabbed him by the tail, then backed down again, pulling him after me. Things were going well until my shirt caught on a piece of the wood. I turned to free it and the snake whipped around and bit my arm."

For six days, paralysed and blind, Fred Wade balanced precariously between life and death in the Echuca hospital. On the seventh day he made an amazing and complete recovery.

Mr. Wade is named in Australian medical and science reviews as the only person in Australia to have survived three death-adder bites, and he attributes his continued existence to the qualities of an antidote which he has made himself and to the swiftness with which he has acted on each occasion.

Waiting in Marwillambah for a consignment of death-adders to reach him, Fred Wade received a telegram saying that three snakes had been sent. But after the telegram was written another specimen was caught and added to the consignment.

Opening the case, Wade carefully lifted out three death-adders, and, while plunging in his hand to remove the straw, the fourth flew up and bit his arm.

He worked quickly with ligature, razor blade and antidote, and then reported at the local hospital. The doctors cut a further square inch

of vein and artery out of his arm and gave him four hours to live. But Wade survived.

His second experience of the death-adder bite was also at Marwillambah, in the exhibition pit. The fangs and venom, contrary to public belief, are not removed from a snake before it goes on show, for if this were done the snake would quickly die in captivity.

To demonstrate to the spectators that the poison is still present, Wade holds the adder by the head, forces its mouth open to reveal its fangs, and with a handkerchief displays its venom. It was while doing this that the snake swung its head out of his grasp and bit his finger.

The third bite was again on his arm. On each of these latter occasions the snake-man spent five painful days in bed after self-treatment.

It is difficult to persuade a snake to eat while it is in captivity, but owing to the amount of fat it stores on its body, it is able to live for four or five months without further food. Many decide to eat before the fangs of their self-proposed fate are reached. Having broken its fast and formed the habit of eating under new conditions, a snake can live for three or four years in captivity.

Fred Wade's present collection of snakes includes a Taspin (for whose venom there is no known antidote), death adders, tiger snakes, black and brown snakes, bander banders, pythons, diamond and carpet snakes. His snake-hunting expeditions are organised not only for the purpose of adding to his own exhibits, but also to fulfil reporting contracts to Bagdad, French and Belgian zoos.

Mr. Wade considers the python

#### WOMAN TOASTS WOMAN

And here's to you, my unknown friend.  
Although I asked you but to lend  
You gave I know it wasn't much,  
But still, I'm not the type to touch  
A stranger in a crowded place—  
A stranger with a haughty face—  
But, woman-like, you served my shame  
And, with a smile, you saved my name.  
To you it seemed no great surprise  
When I indulged with pleading eyes  
Ah, when the crowd had stood to clap,  
Perhaps you'd heard a subtle snap.  
You turned, and with a teasing grin  
You handed me a safety-pin.

—MARY LENANE

one of the trickiest snakes to capture.

"The python is non-venomous, but it kills by constriction," he explained. "It whips its coils around your body as a fish and unless you are very quick it is almost impossible to free yourself after it starts to squeeze. Of course pythons bite too, and they take a goodly mouthful, usually leaving a few teeth behind in your flesh."

One python hunt that almost ended in disaster for Mr. Wade took place in Millie Millie in Queensland. He was told that in the Johnson Gorges pythons had been seen which were 18 to 25 feet long.

"I told them I didn't think they grew that big," Wade said. Nevertheless he set out on an expedition along the Johnson River with another snake hunter, Harold Snell.

Before very long they sighted a 20-foot python on top of a large rock overhanging the water.

Wade crossed the river and, with great ease, snaked up on the snake and grabbed him by the head. At the same time he overbalanced and fell into the water. The current was swift but Wade kept his grip on the snake. Then he felt its coils slink around his body. As they tightened, he was drawn downstream. Snell, who had remained on the bank, rushed across the rocks and managed to grab his companion by the shirt as he was swept past. Followed a fight to dislodge the coils of the reptile from Wade's body, eventually he was freed and a giant python was added to the bag.

Non-venomous snakes are hunted in winter, the venomous types can be found all the year round. Snake

expeditions in Northern Queensland frequently lead through dense jungle and scrub, the men cutting their way through with cut knives as they go.

In addition to snakes, Fred Wade has a collection of Australian lizards, which he includes in his exhibitions. Among them are goannas, blue tongued and monitor.

The goanna, a giant lizard with a fierce and powerful bite, requires expert hunting. Mr. Wade's story of a goanna "that got away" concerns a hunt in South Australia.

It crouched in a tree. Wade, looping a rope on a stick, managed to drop it over the goanna's head and bring it to the ground. But as it fell, the goanna adroitly slipped its head out of the noose and, running up Wade's back, leaving deep claw marks as it went, it required the shelter of the tree, clinging to a small limb twelve or fourteen feet above the ground. Wade followed it up the tree and along the limb. The limb broke and down came man and goanna, and in the scramble the goanna escaped.

Fred Wade also attempted to capture a tree-climbing kangaroo, a rather rare species sometimes found around Millie Millie. Armed with instructions on how to go about successfully taking the animal, Wade eventually found a 4-foot kangaroo in the branches of a tree. Following his instructions, he shot at the branch on which the animal was sitting.

Everything went according to pattern. The kangaroo, startled at the sound of the rifle, jumped to the ground. Wade grabbed it by the tail. But it made a sudden dash through his legs, bringing Wade

down on top of it. In the tussle that followed, Wade's shirt and trousers were ripped from his body and his flesh was scratched and bleeding.

"I had to let the kangaroo go, finally," Mr. Wade said. "After my one better experience, I left tree-climbing kangaroos severely alone."

Fred Wade has a keen sense of humor and during his exciting lifetime he has been guilty of indulging in a few harmless practical jokes.

On his return from World War I, he decided he would give up his unusual career in favor of farming. Incidentally, this venture was very short-lived as Wade found the calling of the snake-hunter was in his blood. But he started out to clear the land he had acquired with the assistance of a boy of nineteen, who lived with the fear that one day he might come across a snake in the long grass.

The boy came with him a length of rubber hose with which he intended to protect himself should the occasion arise. One day the hose slipped unseen from his belt to the grass and the sight of the hose lying there had convinced him for a few terror-stricken moments that he was looking at a black snake. Fred Wade, who witnessed the incident, was very amazed and a day or two later, while the boy was in the town, he himself found a black snake lurking in the grass and succeeded in shooting it.

Obeying an impulse of mischief, Fred coiled the dead snake between the sheets at the foot of the boy's bed.

"I am afraid that little joke cost me the services of a farm boy,"



THE bubble in the Underwriting Room at Lloyd's of London sometimes darts abruptly, at the sound of the "Lutine" Bell. This bell hangs in a huge clock over a cushion in the centre of the room, and is rung to announce news of an overdue vessel. The bell originally belonged to a frigate, the "Lutine," captured by the British in 1799. It eventually sank in the North Sea carrying gold ingots and can worth about \$149,000. Some of the cargo was salvaged during the 19th century, and the bell recovered and presented to Lloyd's.

Fred said. When he got into bed and felt the snake with his feet, he sprang out and in one movement was through the door and down the road. I don't think he ever stopped running because he never came back.

Shortly after that, Wade said his land and took the profession of the wandering snakeman down more.

Jadea Wade, wife of the Australian snakeman, is a mysticist, but during the past two years she has assisted her husband in the snake pit. She has been bitten three times while handling the snakes, once by a tiger snake and twice by a black snake. Her quick recovery from the bites, she says, was due to her husband's prompt treatment.

"I am afraid I shall never entirely overcome my aversion to snakes," Mrs. Wade told me. "During demonstrations I have to let them slide over me, crawl up my arm and through my hair, but

sometimes I am shaking like a leaf while they are doing it."

Her husband said: "Yes, we've had a lot of trouble with women's general horror of snakes. At the Sunshine Show last year we had a little incident. The impression is that a snake's body is slimy and greasy, but that's not so. After an exhibition and demonstration we usually hold a snake by the head and allow people to touch the body to satisfy themselves on this point. This night we had about seventy or eighty people in. Nearly all of them had touched the snake hastily as I walked around the pit, but a noticeable exception was a woman in the front row. She made no attempt to feel the snake's body as I passed, so I said to her:

"Surely you don't want to be the only person who hasn't touched the snake?"

The woman looked about her, and then with a mighty effort she took a firm grasp of the snake's body in one hand, and passed out cold.

The humorous part of it was that as she didn't come around for quite a while, we had to get the ambulance. The crowd that gathered outside the tent became so curious at the sight of a woman being carried away from our exhibition that they flocked in to see what was going on."

Mrs. Wade has often had difficulty in getting his snakes transported after an expedition. Frequently he has disguised the cages in order to get them through.

About eight years ago the carrying of snakes was prohibited for a time on the Queensland Railway. Mr. Wade went to a lot of trouble

in packing one of his collections of snakes in fruit cases and conveying them to himself in Brisbane at that. Unfortunately, a railway porter who became hungry on the trip decided to sample a case and, using open the top, he grabbed a handful of snake.

He reported to the stationmaster, which was disastrous for everybody. The cases were thrown off the train.

"I would be quite lost without my snakes, now," said Fred Wade. Even when I was in Egypt during the first world war I managed to get hold of an Egyptian Ghazals

snake. I made a great pet of it and fed it on beetles, butterflies and gnats. When I was sent to France in 1916, I took the snake with me. He came in very useful, too. When my mates and I got our eyes on a dugout we thought we would like, we only had to walk in, throw our pebbles on the floor and I would produce the Ghazals. We had the place to ourselves in a matter of minutes. Later I was wounded, and while in hospital the snake disappeared. I never found out how, but," he added darkly, "I still have my suspicions."

## THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



# Personally Speaking

MOHANDAS KARAMCHAND GANDHI has announced that he is sharing his bed with his granddaughter as an act of self-sacrifice by self-suit.

MARLENE DIETRICH had her jeep stolen from outside a Pong hotel. Chin up, she told the press she would try to get another. She said, "A jeep is a sentimental thing to me."

MAX BAER, ex-heavyweight-champ-turned-caricature, dropped in on an old sparring-partner-turned-evangelist in Indianapolis, and was seen lifting his mate to lead 5,000 people through "Rock of Ages" and "There is no Night There." Max explained, "There's a little bit of good in all of us."

GAEKWAR OF BARODA, gem-collecting Indian ruler of some 3,000,000 people, arrived in Manhattan with wife and child and promptly inquired about bodyguards. He made it safely to the Waldorf-Astoria under cover of four detectives.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD had all the flowers she had received from admirers stolen from her dressing room on the opening night of her new play at Manhattan.

WINSTON CHURCHILL's undisclosed but "substantial" sum received as damages in the libel suit he brought against Louis Adamic, author of "Dinner at the White House," and the publisher, is believed to be in the neighborhood of \$5000 tax-free.

ADOLPHE MENJOU, the veteran Hollywood fashion plate, while writing his memoirs said: "Not only are movies worse than they used to be; one might even say that now they are no good at all."

The DUKE OF ROXBURGHE was recently refunded the sum of \$30,900 as overpayment of American income tax in 1943.

MARGARET TRUMAN, the U.S. President's daughter, made a widely publicized radio debut as a concert soprano recently. Critics found her voice "soppy," "sturdy," "hot," "needing training," and "too throaty for the Metropolitan Opera."

CLIFTON JAMES, English actor, pulled off the war's biggest bluff when, because of his amazing likeness to "Mentor," he doubled for the Field Marshal in the Mademoiselle on the eve of D-Day and convinced the Germans that invasion was not imminent.



SUNSET PASTORAL—DOGGERS' CREEK, MT. KOSCIUSKO—Photo by Keen



## Passing Sentences

You are never too old to learn that you are never too old to learn Giffels. An animal that gives you consolation about your collar.

What a pity human beings can't exchange problems. Everyone knows how to solve the other fellow's.

The new cars have four speeds—first, second, third, and you'll be sorry.

Some bridge players cheat by a system of sniffling. This is known as a code in the nose.

The best educated people are those who listen more than they talk.

The weather was so bad it was only fit for conversation.

The darkest hour that ever fell on earth never put out the stars.

Chivalry: A man's inclination to protect a woman from every man except himself.

Sign on a fowl house: "Anyone found around here at night will be found around here in the morning."

Mary: A person has an excellent aim in life but no ammunition.

Planning: The art of putting off till tomorrow what you have no intention of doing today.

Too many times the only thing that comes out of a committee meeting is an ash tray full of cigarette butts.

Born: A person who describes at length his own fat feats.

Nowadays the only man satisfied with an increase in rents is the tailor.

Budget: A method of worrying before you spend, as well as afterwards.

Epitaph engraved on a tombstone: My husband. God knows why.

Cuckoo: The tribute that medicine pays to genius.

Thoroughbred horses have beautiful coats, and that's more than parrots have.

YELLOW ROSE—GOLDEN HARE. Posed by Warner Bros. Debra Moran.

CAVALCADE, August 1947 37

# LOST ANGEL



ILLUSTRATION

"LOOK, Jimmy," Knockor said, "a poor girl weeping her heart out."

On a seat in the park a young, shapely girl sat hunched up with her face buried in her hands. Her back quivered as she sobbed.

"Let's go and comfort her," Knockor suggested.

Jimmy grabbed his arm. "Wait a moment," he said. "Maybe she's enjoying her weep. Maybe she's one of those girls who like a nice private weep."

"In a park?" Knockor sneered. "But maybe she's ugly—you can't see her face. Maybe that's why she's weeping."

"What of it? Can't a gentleman help a lady in trouble, even if she is ugly?" said Knockor.

"Ugly girls don't get into trouble," Jimmy retorted.

With that, Knockor soft-footed across the lawn and sat down beside the weeping female. Jimmy decided he might as well be in it and took up station on the other side.

She didn't like being lost; she was frightened father would drink the gin.

KEIRAN KINNY



"What's wrong, Angel? Have you lost something?" asked Knockor.

"Come, come, my wannabe willow, why the weeps?" Knockor asked tenderly.

The lady threw back her head and howled. Jimmy and Knockor noticed that while she displayed plenty of soul, the surrounding anatomy was undoubtedly enchanting. A mass of golden hair hung like a halo about her face. Her nose was pert and upturned. Her eyes were an angelic blue. When she closed her mouth, her lips resolved themselves into twin moon-buds. She was some mother's gift to the Navy.

"How sweet of you dear boys to notice poor little me weeping all alone," she sobbed.

"What's wrong, Angel? Have you lost something?" Knockor asked.

"No . . . I mean yes . . . I haven't lost anything . . . It's me I'm lost," Angel wailed.

"Well, well, weep no more, my pretty," Knockor smiled. "In me you see a feller who knows enough about Sydney to fill a two-dollar's handbook. In fact, if you'll just tell me where you live I'd be only too pleased to escort you right home to your doorstep."

"Ignore that remark, Angel," Jimmy said, "we'll both see you home."

"That's sweet of you both," Angel said, "but I can't help you there because you see I don't know where I live."

"You don't know?"

"No. You see, every so often I'm just walking along and—poof!—my memory is gone. I just can't remember who I am, or where I come from, or anything," Angel sobbed.

"Have'n't you got an identification card or any papers on you?" Jimmy asked.

"No. If I had a pulse when I started out today, I seem to have lost it now," Angel told them.

"Can't you remember anything at all?" Knockor asked.

"Sure," Angel said. "I can remember what my mother and my old man look like but I can't remember their name. I'd know our house if I saw it but it might as well be in Timbuctoo for all I know."

"What about your mother and

SOME 190 years ago the Walter Raleigh landed on Trinidad and found a lake filled with a strange substance evidently not water. The surface of the lake, greenish black in color, resembled the wrinkled hide of an alligator. Sir Walter wrote, "all the ships of the world may draweth in being from thence." Since that time it has been used to pave the streets of most of the large cities of the world.

Because the asphalt is in slow, constant motion, the tracks of the railway on which it is transported from the place of digging to the place have to be relaid each day. Scientists estimate that the lake contains enough asphalt to supply the world's needs for many generations to come.

father—won't they miss you?" Jimmy asked.

"Huh! They've probably got a boarder in my room already," Angel said.

"You might have a name on your clothes," Jimmy suggested.

Angel turned up the hem of her sock. Jimmy examined inside the back of the sock. Knocker got his hand slipped.

"Nothing there," Angel said.

"What about the rest of your things?" Knocker asked.

"Just what are you getting at?" Angel demanded.

"Nothing," Knocker said. Look, here's a penny. Go and have a look for yourself."

Angel took the penny and went off. A minute later she returned with a very look on her face.

"Nothing doing?" Knocker asked.

"I dunno," Angel said. "There's weeds on them but I've forgotten how to read, too."

"Well, here's threepence," Knocker said. "Go on and bring 'em out one at a time. We'll see if there's anything on 'em."

"I'll only need twopence."

A moment later, Angel returned with Exhibit A.

Knocker examined it closely.

"I don't suppose your name is 'Soundal Lace'?" he asked.

"No," Angel protested. She went off to try again.

Jimmy suspected Exhibit B.

"All that's written here is 'Up-lift—no animals,'" Jimmy said.

"None, that wouldn't be it," Angel said.

"Well, where do we go from here," Jimmy said.

"I've got an idea," Knocker told them.

"He's full of 'em," Jimmy told Angel.

They waited while Angel replaced Exhibit B and then Knocker led the way out of the park and down the street to a nearby police station.

"Wait here," he said, and went aside.

"You ever get any lost girls in here?" Knocker asked the sergeant behind the counter.

"Plenty," the sergeant said, "but look, sailor, if you're thinking what I think you're thinking, it's no go. We just keep 'em here until their

secrets claim 'em, and we're not allowed to loose 'em to sailors."

"Yes but—"

"Look, sailor, I told you it's no go."

"But—"

"Look, see that old lady sitting in the corner over there," the sergeant said. "Well, she was brought in here as a lost child in 1899, and we've only just got started on her case. We've been pretty busy lately, I can tell you."

Knocker gave up.

"Well, Angel," he said, when he joined the others outside, "it looks as if you're well and truly lost until you start remembering things again."

"Oh, well, I suppose there's no sense in worrying, is there?" Angel said.

"Yes, but we'd like to see you fixed up with somewhere to stay. You've got to eat, too," Knocker said.

"That's good of you, boys," Angel said, "but I couldn't take your money like that—why, I might wake up tomorrow and find I'd forgotten all about you, and then where would you be?"

"Back where we were before we met you in the park," Jimmy said.

"Well, since you insist on being good-hearted—and I'm warning you I don't take girls with strings to them—I'll settle for a meal right now. Then, if you've nothing better to do, we'll take a few train rides round the suburbs till it gets dark. I might recognize my joint," Angel said.

They spent three hours riding on turns without covering more than a fraction of the territory available.

"This ain't getting us anywhere,"

Jimmy complained. Angel and Knocker admitted it wasn't.

"I suppose the next best thing to do is find Angel a bed for the night—without strings, of course," Jimmy said.

"That's not going to be easy," Angel said.

"Most landladies would get a bit snuffy over a female with nothing to show in the way of luggage except a couple of selous."

"Thank nothing of it, Angel," Knocker said. "I have in my wallet the address of a board-minded landlady who won't ask anything, except payment in advance. Jimmy gave it to me, but I never thought I'd have occasion to use it."

"Yash, well, then it'd better be a good strong lock on the door," Angel said.

They went out on a select residential where Knocker was fondly welcomed by the landlady.

"I thought you hadn't been here before," Jimmy reminded Knocker.

"We often meet after church," Knocker explained.

After Angel had promised to obey the house rules as posted by the landlady—"No chicken" bottles out the windows nor fights in the paragonym"—she took possession of her room.

"Well, boys, this a good-night," she said. "And look, you christened me Angel and I can't remember whether I was or I wasn't before the forgets got me, so for tonight I'm gonna be an angel—just in case."

"That's all right with us, Angel," Jimmy said. "Just you go to bed and have a good sleep—and don't worry, because every thing will turn out O.K."

Angel and Knocker admitted it wasn't.

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"Gosh so, I'm not worrying," Angel said. "I'm not worrying about being lost anyway, but—"

"But what?" Jimmy asked.

"Well, you see, I remember I had two dozen bottles of beer, five bottles of whisky, and three bottles of gin in my wardrobe, and if I don't get home soon my old man will be into it as sure as heck."

Knocker and Jimmy rocked back. They exchanged significant glances. "Angel," Knocker said, "we've been thinking—we just can't leave you alone in this terrible locality all night."

"But I'll be all right," Angel said. "I'll lock the door."

Last laughs at Jackanahs," Knocker warned.

"No, there's only one thing for it," Jimmy said. "We've got to take you home."

"But how?" Angel asked.

"I don't know," Knocker said, "but we've just got to get you home before your old man gets into that—I mean before your poor dear old father pins away for the loss of his little daughter."

"Don't be silly," Angel giggled. "Anyway, look, I know you've both been swell to me, but I'm tired and I wanna sleep, so can't we leave it till the morning?"

"Angel!" Jimmy sounded shocked.

"We positively forbid it!" Knocker said firmly.

"Look, Angel," Jimmy said, "we've done a lot for you, haven't we? And we haven't asked anything of you, have we?"

"Nope," Angel admitted.

"Well, please don't send us away with this on our consciences," Jimmy pleaded.

"Yes, Angel, if you can't get married safe and sound to the loving bosom of your family we'll never cease to reproach ourselves."

"Okay," Angel sighed. "I wish you hadn't shown me that bed, though."

"Well, where do we start?" Jimmy asked.

"Yeah, where do we start?" Knocker echoed.

"I've just remembered something," Angel said.

"What, Angel—what is it? Tell us, quick, before you start forgetting again," Knocker roared.

"I've just remembered our house isn't on the beach," Angel said.

"Heaven! Look, Angel," Jimmy said, "there must be thousands—millions—of houses in Sydney doing just that—not facing the beach, I mean."

"Yes, but don't you see what I mean?" Angel said. "If you live in a place like Darlinghurst you naturally don't expect your house to face a beach. But if you lived at the seaside and you couldn't see the sea from your house that'd be one of the things you'd remember about it."

"Angel, I think you've got something there," Knocker said. "C'mon."

They went into town and caught a tram for Bondi. Ten minutes of running round in a taxi convinced Angel that there were no familiar landmarks there. Coogee and Bronte proved fruitless, too.

The last ferry discharged them onto the Manly wharf.

"You know there's something familiar about this place."

"We're getting hot!" Knocker laughed.

They hailed a taxi. The driver glanced at Angel and said hello.

"Hey, do you know her?" Jimmy demanded.

"Yes, do you know me?" Angel asked, curiously.

"I don't know ya, but I've seen ya round," the driver said.

"And just what do you mean by that remark?" Angel demanded, pinching her hands on her hips.

"Nothin'—nothin' at all except that I've just seen you round," the taxi-driver explained.

"Well, do you know where I live?" Angel asked.

"Don't you?" the driver gasped.

"Nope," Angel replied glumly.

"I've seen you coming up past the Oval a few times," the driver said.

"That'll do for a starter," Knocker said. "C'mon, Angel, hop in. Just take us past the place where you saw her coming from, driver. And go slow."

They drove up past the Oval and went slowly down a cross-street. Suddenly Angel gave a happy squeal.

"This is the street! This is it! Turn right, driver," she directed. "Along a bit . . . No, further yet . . . Stop!"

Angel led the way into the lounge where her father and mother were sitting before the fire.

"Where 'ave you been?" her mother asked.

"I lost my memory again," Angel said.

"What, again?" her father sighed.

"Yeah, again," Angel said. "But I haven't forgotten about the stuff I've got in my wardrobe and by c'mon if you've been at it I'll open

you up with the bread-knife, so help me!"

"He ain't been at it, duck," her mother assured her. "I kept 'em out of that."

"That's the way, Ma'am," Angel said. "Oh, and by the way, what's my name?"

"Trise Jordan," her mother said.

"Well, just call me Angel from now on," Angel said. "And meet Knocker and Jimmy—they brought me home."

"Sit down, boys, and make yourself at home," Mrs. Jordan said.

"Yes, boys, sit down and make yourself at home while I open up my hope chest. We're gonna have a party. Even Pap can be in it," Angel said.

Four hours later Knocker and Jimmy were on the floor.

On their faces reposed the smile of ineffable peace, even if they appeared to have some difficulty in focusing their gaze, it was obvious that the disability troubled them not at all.

"Push me across bot'l," Knocker said.

"Jeez 'faze," said Jimmy, rolling another bottle to him.

"Where's Pop?" Knocker asked.

"Shleep," Jimmy said.

"Mum?"

"Ashleep."

"Angel?"

"Ashleep, too -- they're all asleep."

"Well, push me across bot'l."

"Ye know, I been thinkin'," Jimmy said, "chevley'sh a wonder-ful thing."

"Too c'f," Knocker swore. "Shove 'em more of it."

Jimmy passed another bottle.

Then the break was almost finished and the fire was on them.



## IN THE COUNTRY



FRANK SARAO

There was the bush-fire, and the hatred of his wife — a bitter, barren life.

THE alarm rang. Snow put his hand on the clock and stopped the alarm. He sat up and swung his legs over the side of the bed.

There was light in the eastern sky. The hills over that way were still black as the night they were shedding. The air was warm and still. Snow looked to the south. It was too dark to see smoke from

the bush-fire there. It was too light to make out the glow from the flames.

Snow went back to the bedroom. He said, "Come on, it's getting late."

"All right," Ruby said.

"There's not light enough yet to see where the fire is," Snow told her



"I hope to hell it burns us out,"

Ruby said.

"You're going to keep the quarter on, are you?"

"Only a mongrel would say the things you said to me."

Snow said, "I've lit the fire for you." He went out, through the kitchen again, to the garden. The soil of the garden was dust. The plants in it were dead.

Snow went down to the fence. He climbed through the fence and started to walk across the paddock. The two cows turned away from the fence on the far side of the five acres. He headed them off and drove them through the gate into the yard.

It was bright dawn. As Snow sat down to milk the first cow he could see smoke rise from the kitchen chimney. To the south he could see the grey haze. Somewhere under the haze was fire.

The milk from the two cows came a quarter-way up the sides of the bucket. Snow put the stool and the bucket against the fence and drove the cows through the gate and closed it after them.

Snow went into the house. He skinned the milk from the bucket through a cloth into the big white tin.

Ruby cut the steak in the pan and lifted the larger portion onto a plate and put the plate down in front of Snow. She said, "You bloody cow," as fat splashed on her arm as she lifted her portion of steak from the pan. She wiped her arm with the oven cloth. She sat down at the table. Then Snow stood up and carried his plate to the doorway and whistled the blue dog. He threw the steak to the dog. The cows had eaten the last stalk of hay and were standing against the fence that kept them from the tick. There was a definite movement of snakes up through the haze to the south. The blue dog had eaten the steak and now he came up to the step and looked at Snow.

"I think you're going off your head," Ruby said.

"Maybe I am."

"You are, and I'm not staying."

"Pack up and go, then," Snow said.

The butcher came after eight. He left his van on the road, and walked up to the homestead. Snow was sitting in the shade of the water tank. The blue dog stood up and

growled and then crooked down again when he saw Kirby.

Kirby came up to the water tank. His eyes were red. He looked tired. He could smile.

"What's the matter with you?" Kirby said.

Snow said, "What'd you want, Kirby?"

"I'll give you ten for the two cows," Kirby said.

"I'll keep them, thanks."

Snow stood up. He thought he might hit Kirby. But Kirby looked too big to hit.

Kirby said, "You've got the wrong idea, Snow. It's just business. I'm a business man. You've got two cows these worth ten today. In a few days they'll be worth four. When they die you won't even get a price for the hide. You lose, and so do I."

Snow wanted to get rid of Kirby and go into the house to tell Ruby he was sorry. Before he could do that, the truck came. Snow went to the house and put his head inside the door and shouted, "I'm going."

Don't know when I'll be back!" From inside, Ruby called, "All right."

Snow walked down to the gate with Kirby. He climbed onto the back of the truck. He saw Kirby getting into his van. When the truck started, dust clouded everything from sight.

"It looks bad," they were saying in the truck.

"No wonder, so far," Snow said. "Every damn stick of grass is dry as a bone. Even the ground seems to burn. It must do. The fire keeps jumping across the breaks."

The fire had burnt through one gum forest and had crossed a low chain of hills. They were blazing through a wide section of scrub, working towards a second gum forest that extended right out to flat country where there were farms.

Snow got off the truck with the other men and they went through the scrub to the control. They could not see the fire yet. They could smell it. A great volume of smoke rose straight into the air. The boxes

as in front of the engine on the road and water was being pumped into a canvas tank that fed the buckets that were passed from hand to hand of a chain of men that extended deep into the scrub.

One of the men at the control said, "We're all right here. They should have sent you around the old road. They're short over there."

The driver of the truck said, "Well, I won't know that. We'll go around there, then."

They went back to the road and climbed onto the truck.

The driver turned the truck, and they went back to the crossing and followed the old road through the gum forest and on through the scrub. Then they could really see the fire. It was everywhere. It was on both sides of the road and in as far as they could see.

There were two fire engines blocking the road. A man standing on the road came over to the truck and said, "We're in trouble here. I want you to go back a mile and try to make a break. I'll give you more men and send others down as soon as I get them."

The driver said, "We can take about ten more."

"I'll send twenty," the man said. "They can hang on somewhere." He ran off into the smoke. He came back with ten men and said, "I'll send the rest down as soon as I can."

The ten climbed onto the back of the truck and the driver turned again and they went down the road and stopped and they all got out.

They cut down the sapling growth and burned the scrub. Other men came to help them. As the fire came closer the smoke became thick

so that it was hard to see the men in front. As the fire came closer the number of men working on the break increased. Then the break was almost finished and the fire was on them, with enough wind behind it to carry it across if they did not succeed in checking it and beating it down.

They killed the fire. For a long time after the fire was dead they were still fighting. The smoke was as dense as ever it had been. They moved through the smoke, coughing, failing, stomping, taking buckets of water from the man next in the chain and spreading the water over the already sodden ground. They cried, swore, worked, and they killed the fire in that section.

At midday the smoke had cleared and they could see that the fire was out. Logs smouldered and chance sparks caught and flared in the grass beyond the break and these fires were put out. The men ate sandwiches and drank tea and they stood in groups and smoked and the oldest ones compared the fire to others they had fought.

It was four in the afternoon when Snow got down from the truck. He carried his tools to the gate and put them down and opened the gate. He realised that his shoulders and arms were lead heavy. He dragged the tools through the gate-way, closed the gate and lifted the tools and carried them up the track to the house.

There was no sign of life around the homestead. Then the blue dog came from behind the house and stood on the track, and then came down to meet Snow.

Snow put the tools in the shed





He closed the shed door. He washed his hands and face under the tap, letting the water drip into his cupped palms until there was enough in them. He sat down in the shade of the tank and rolled and lit a cigarette.

Now his eyes were sore. They seemed to burn. The skin of his face was spasted. Most likely she had gone. He was afraid to go and see. In a minute when he had finished his smoke he would go into the house. It would be empty. He had believed there was something between his wife and Kirby, the butcher. They had quarrelled and he had said some bloody awful things to her. That was what the land did to a man. It sent him mad in the end.

Snow buried the cigarette and put the butt in the pocket of his shirt. He went into the house. He went into the kitchen and went

over to the stove. He felt the stove. It was hot. He opened the door of the firebox.

Snow went round to the back verandah. Ruby sat in the seagrass chair. Snow smiled at her. She smiled at him.

Snow said, "Well, we put it out." "I'm glad," Ruby said.

"We won't get burnt out, not this year."

"No," Ruby said. "Sit down out here, while I go and make you a cup of tea."

"Thanks, Robe," Snow said. He was not thinking her for the cup of tea. He sat on the edge of the verandah and took out the butt and lit it. He leaned his back against one of the verandah posts. Ruby touched his head with her hand as he went past him and in to the house to make the tea.

Snow sat on the edge of the verandah and drank the tea Ruby

had made for him. He rolled and smoked another cigarette. It tasted good. He went to sleep with the cigarette hanging from his lip, and he slept leaning against the post of the verandah. He started to slide around the post and then he woke. His eyes were very sore.

Snow took the bucket and went down to the yard and let down the apron. He drove the cows into the yard and sat down and milked them. They gave very little milk. He turned them out of the yard and climbed the fence and stirred to jerk hay from the sick over the fence to the cows. He kept forking the hay until the sick stood only the height of his knees. Let them eat tonight, and again in the morning. Kirby could have them tomorrow.

Snow carried the milk to the house. He strained it from the bucket into the big jug. Ruby said, "Are you going to sell them to

Kirby?" She looked right at him. "Tomorrow," Snow said. He went and stood on the step down from the kitchen. There was still haze where the fire had been. Ruby stood behind him. She said, "It's all right, isn't it?"

"I'm glad you stayed, Robe," Snow said.

"It'd break anyone's heart to go it alone," Ruby said.

That was a bad time for men on the land. There were floods in the winter. The next season was a good season. It was a better season than any of the old-times could remember.

Grass covered the paddocks, and grew up through the ashes of last year's fires. Green crops stood high in the fields sown by rain and broken by the plough. The horses and cattle were fat and their coats were sleek in the sun. That was really a good season.



# ★ THAT EXTRA SHELF ★

Carpentered by Gilson



All right, I'll fix it immediately.  
Where do you want it? Over  
here? O.K. Where are my tools?



Ah! Here they are. It's a bit on the high side, but I guess I  
can—



Hmmm! Looks like I'll have  
to make this a little stronger  
when it comes to putting it  
up again. Oh, well—we live  
and learn...



Plaster's a bit on the thin side  
—the joints. I guess a little  
patty here and there will soon  
put things right—

There you are, my pet! As good a job as any tradesmen could have done—held anything—



"Hello, Home Repair Service! I'd like you to come round at once. I have a couple of little jobs for you..."

## MEDICINE ON THE MARCH



**NUTRIENT X**, an unidentified food factor, appearing to have the properties of a vitamin, has been found to play an important part in the "palatability" of foods, but in spite of its indicated importance in tomorrow's nutrition, it is still a puzzle to nutrition workers and food chemists.

"Palatability," it is recognized by science, depends not only on the "taste" of the food offered, but also on the need of the body for the food if it is eaten.

A **THERMOMETER**, possessed of an infra-red "eye," which can "see" in the dark as well as register changes of heat and which has such potential uses as that of a burglar or fire alarm and a weapon against cancer, is the outgrowth of secret researches in infra-red rays carried on during the past four years at Johns Hopkins University in America. It can reveal in the dark the outline of an object ten to fifteen miles away and record the heat it is radiating. The walls of a building, with doors and windows, show much as they would in an actual photograph. The bearing on cancer is revealed by the po-

ture which can be furnished, even in complete darkness, of the whole human body, together with the intensity of the infra-red rays given off by living tissues of all kinds.

A **NEW** penicillin-like drug extracted from the red blood cells of rabbits and other animals is now under clinical trial as a weapon against diphtheria in several Moscow clinics. Erythrin is the name of this new drug and it is the first such substance extracted from higher animals. Diphtheria patients and healthy carriers of diphtheria germs are at present being treated with erythrin, which gets its name from the medical name for red blood cells, erythrocytes.

**GRANDMOTHERS** and great-grandmothers who dosed their family with wild ginger tea knew something, it would appear. The latest anti-biotic, or penicillin type of anti-germ disease remedy comes from wild ginger. One of the wild ginger anti-biotics is a colorless compound active against penicillium germs. The other anti-biotic is a lemon-yellow and which possesses less anti-germ activity.

# THE MEN WHO BURY YOU



Without them plague and disease would destroy the community quickly.

SOME little while ago there was a dispute in the undertaking industry in New South Wales. It lasted less than a week, but in that time the undertakers' chapels became so crowded as to be a danger to health, while the mortuaries of the big hospitals were so packed with corpses that they resembled a busy hospital during the war.

The cause of the dispute was the same as in all industrial disputes—more pay and better working conditions.

The Undertakers' Assistants and Cemetery Employees (which are chiefly the grave-diggers) are now getting both.

However, what wages would you require for doing such work as was described to me by a grave-digger at a Sydney cemetery?

"Extraordinary," he said, "see the worst part of the job. The last one we did was that of an American

marine. All American bodies were then being taken from our cemetery to their own section in another cemetery. The marine was in a three-ply coffin which had been down about two years.

"We put ropes under the coffin and when we lifted, the coffin fell to pieces. It was our job to get the body, not the coffin, and my mate and I had to get down into the grave and bring up the uncovered body. Since it was a long time since the body had been buried, the job was repulsive, even to men who are more or less accustomed to such tasks."

Another grave-digger had a somewhat similar experience. "With the three-ply or five-ply wood they use," he said, "there is always the chance of pulling out the casket during an exhumation and leaving the body in the grave. This has happened to me. When

we heaved the empty casket to the top the manager said he would not compel us to do anything, and would leave matters in our own hands.

"Being an experienced man, I jumped into the grave to see how the body could be moved. I found I was in a bad way. We had to dig out the coffin bottom-side up, we placed the remains in and covered them with clay. It was then put in a fresh grave."

When such a day's work was finished, there was no hot shower, no disinfectant, no drying room. There was one small wash hand basin. For a normal working week the grave-digger gets a little over £6, and no attention, although he is the man whose work makes them most necessary.

Grave-digging is a skilled occupation. The newcomer to the trade is placed in charge of an experienced digger. It usually takes him three to six months to become proficient, to know how to guard against the dangers of being trapped by a collapsing grave, to know how to set the wooden uprights, and where, according to the religious ceremony, the earth should be placed at the grave-side.

It was not only the grave-diggers who were parties to the dispute. There were the transformer operators at the crematorium, the men who prepare the furnaces to receive the coffin, carry out the cremation, and have the furnaces ready to carry out the next cremation.

There is a straightforward job when an ordinary wooden casket is being handled, but it is often diffi-

cult when a tin-lined casket goes into the furnace. These tin-lined caskets usually come by rail from the country, or have to be obtained in cases where the body has not been discovered until decomposition has set in.

Such a coffin is placed in the furnace, and the transformer operator waits until the lining gets hot enough to be workable. Then it is taken out through a door about 15 inches square at the back of the furnace. The metal lining is cut in four pieces, and is not often difficult to handle. But with these made in one piece it is often unavailable that portion of the corpse is brought away with the old hot iron.

When the lining is removed it is placed in another furnace, constructed to deal with all the metals from the coffin. In removing a stubborn lining the operators are exposed to terrific heat for long periods.

If you have ever wondered why you never see smoke coming from a crematorium, here is the answer. It is another part of the operators' job to see that all smoke is eliminated. All the furnaces are fitted with ports that regulate the amount of draught going into the furnace. When the coffin is first placed in the furnace there is a puff of black smoke, and by a skilful manipulation of the ports the smoke is actually burnt before it goes up and mixes with the atmosphere. And if they allow too much cold air or oxygen to go in, the temperature would be lost, and it is possible that bricks would split and partially destroy the furnace.

Like the grave-diggers, the trans-

former operators are paid a little over 26 a week.

In a somewhat higher salaried group are the undertakers' assistants. They are paid about 47 a week with an extra five shillings for every over-date (dead more than three days) or venous-infected body. All they could hope for from the strike was a little more pay. They realised that little could be done to improve the conditions under which their work has to be carried out.

One assistant relates how he was called to a city residential where a body had lain a week. A formalin mask gave a little protection against the terrible stench, but there was nothing to guard the vision against the unbelievable singular of the room with the walls, floor, ceiling, even the mirror, a moving, writhing mass of grey vermin. Wines and methylated spirit bottles were lying around. The undertakers' assistant had to go through with the business of getting the corpse into condition to be removed.

Then there is another assistant who only the other day had to prepare a corpse which had been fished from the harbor after being immersed for a fortnight.

Still another used a quart of formalin in a vain effort to kill the dunces from a body in the scrub which had been preyed upon by flies and ants for at least three weeks.

The normal events associated with our departure from this mortal coil do not provide any undue unpleasantness for the men who bury us, and more than one undertaker's assistant has said that he believes much of the so-called "un-

pleasantness" associated with our end death is due to some emotional mix-up in the minds of people.

"I can't imagine it is a pleasant thing for people to be associated with the bodies of their own dead friends or relatives," he said, "but that is not because of death itself, but because they're naturally upset because of losing somebody. I'd say that, when you begin in this business, you find normal deaths are more rare—I think that's the word—than physically unpleasant. But as you get used to the idea of associating with death, you come to regard your contact with bodies as normal. The trouble is, that there are any number of cases you have to deal with which are not normal—people who die from certain diseases, people who have been dead for some time, and so on. And quite frankly, those cases are one that no man can become accustomed to, no matter how hard bitten he thinks he is. I wouldn't care to think that any man could be indifferent to some of the things I've seen."

"Why do you do it?" I asked.

He shrugged. "A man does his job, I guess, and takes the good and the bad as they come. Why does any man do any job?"

All these men who work in the cemeteries, in the crematoriums, who work on the bodies of the dead and long dead are doing an essential job for the community. The reason any one of them chose such a business, or maybe was compelled to take it, is purely his own affair.

But how many of us would be prepared to do any of their jobs at twice the pay they get?



"You'll find that it was some time before I discovered I was holding the camera backwater."

## A BOMB FOR THE GOVERNOR



As told to R. WILKES HUNTER  
by WALTER NASH

They were told the bomb would be blown up, but that didn't save death.

I WAS on the spot when assassins threw their bomb at the governor, and I saw it all.

These days when similar occurrences are almost daily practice in the Middle East, I recall what I saw of the explosion, the wreckage it caused, the human agony which followed, and the futility of it all—for at the cost of life and property, it did exactly nothing to further the cause.

These facts will be equally true of bombings in Palestine and elsewhere, whether the bombardier's aim is a train or a highly-placed official. However, back to my own bombing, a pretty good picture of what happens every time.

The few European residents of Sharmou, Canton, China, were strolling around the sea wall inhaling what little cool air there was and at the same time exchanging greetings with each other. As I strolled along I caught a few words of their conversation. They were French, there was little doubt about that from their rapid mode of speech and gesticulations.

Reaching the Victoria Hotel, I thought I would ease my thirst, which was abnormal for this time of the day. The hotel was buzzing with activity. The Governor of Saigon and his entourage were visiting the island, for the purpose of paying their respects to the French residents.

I caught a glimpse of Mr. Farmer, the proprietor, and called him over.

"You seem to be having a busy time this evening," I said.

"There is no doubt about that," he replied. "My staff is hardly large enough to cope with it. I've had to arrange for one hundred and fifty guests for dinner, and you know how difficult it is to supply food for such a number at short notice on a mud-bank like this island."

"I understand that the Governor has had his life threatened in Saigon," I remarked anxiously. "I suppose he will be well guarded here?"

"No," he replied, "he was offered protection by the British

Consul because of that threat, but he has refused the Consul's offer."

"Come on," he took my arm. "Let's have a look at the dining room."

There was a huge table running the whole length of the room within six feet of the spacious opened windows of the terrace. The clean white cloths were decorated with ribbons representing the French national colors, and the glasses resting on the table were similarly decorated.

I returned to the lounge, quaffed my drink and left for my home, which was situated at the rear of the hotel.

As we were about to commence dinner, we were suddenly rocked in our chairs by a terrific explosion. All hell was let loose, windows shattered and it seemed as if the whole house shook to its foundations.

I rushed from the house. People were running in all directions.

"What has happened?" I asked.

"Bomb explosion in the hotel," was the curt reply.

I raced towards the hotel. From the huge windows, a flood of powerful electric light splashed across the avenue pavement. Then I was going through the window at a scene of destruction and confusion. Directly facing me at the table were two men leaning against each other, with forks buried in their faces. Across the chest of one a fine display of decorations and orders were being slowly darkened by the blood of the facial wounds. Wine glasses, tumblers, and champagne were in fragments, strewn everywhere. Flags were blown from the walls. Chairs, some broken, were scattered about among what

looked like blood-soaked heaps of rag.

The figures at the table did not move. They were both dead.

Pushing my way into the room, snatched up a table cloth and threw it over the heads of the maddened corpses, and turned away sickened. As I did so my foot slipped. I looked down, at a bundle of clothes on the floor, half under the table: the body of a woman. Blood seeped from a gaping wound at the back of her head.

Waiting helpes were soon coming from all directions. Guests, their white dress jackets stained with blood, and many with blood streaming from faces and hands cut by flying debris from the table and fragments of the bomb, went to work. I helped drag and carry the wounded and dead clear of the debris to the lounge and fresh air. Doctors arrived to give medical aid until the arrival of the stretchers and ambulances.

One of the guests, a grey-haired old lady, stopped one of the doctors and, looking anxiously into his face, asked:

"Doctor, where is my daughter?"

The doctor, with sympathy in his voice, replied, "Over there, madame," pointing in the direction of the dining room.

She walked forward and stopped at the bundle of clothes that I had previously impeded. She collapsed. People rushed to her assistance. After a few seconds she revived. Looking again at her daughter, she said in a quiet whisper:

"I can do nothing for you, my dear, but I will help the others!" and immediately mingled with the helpers.

Later we learned what had happened. The Governor's life had previously been threatened, but little notice had been taken of the threat.

The Governor, his Aide-de-camp and the guests were seated at the dining table, watching the hotel's white-coated boys serving the first course. As dinner was about to commence a leather bag was thrown through the open window and landed on the table in front of the two be-biboned guests I had seen when I first arrived.

As the bag landed the Aide-de-camp leaped to his feet.

"It's a bomb!" he shouted. "Get under the table!"

Some of the guests, including the Governor rushed for safety.

The Aide-de-camp had jumped up and stood outside. He followed a running man, who went towards the docks. Behind him the explosion thundered, and blast showered broken window glass out on to the street. The assassin pined, prising a pistol from his clothes and fired twice back at his runner. The Aide-de-camp drew his own revolver.

The assassin raced down towards the iron gate leading from the Sharmen to the French bridge. The gate was locked.

The Aide-de-camp emptied his revolver into the shadows beyond the bridge and ran back towards the hotel.

Two days later a report was published in the local daily Canton Gazette, edited by a foreigner, to the effect that the perpetrator of the bomb outrage was a Chinese. This report, written without verification or proof of any nature, was locked

upon by the Chinese as an insult.

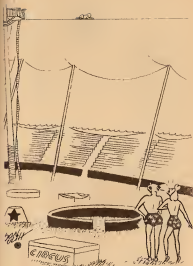
Whoever was responsible for the report committed a serious blunder, helping to fan the flame of racial hatred which had long had dominance in the Chinese against the foreigner.

Presently it was noticeable that the Chinese River Police were unusually active in patrolling certain portions of the river which previously they had not been interested in. At all times of the day patrols could be seen dogging under wharves and jetties.

A few days later a body was discovered in the vicinity of Dutch Folly, a protruding piece of land jutting into the Pearl River. It proved to be that of an Annamite. The body was taken to the morgue where it was searched, the result being that four rounds of pistol ammunition were found, which corresponded with the empty cylinders found on the Sharmen the morning after the outrage. Here was the criminal . . . an Annamite.

This was the body of the person who had shadowed the Governor from Saigon to Canton. He had failed in his well-conceived plan of assassination, but had been responsible for the deaths of seven innocent people and the maiming for life of twenty others.

The hotel dining room still bears evidence of the incident which the proprietor, until the outbreak of war, took an interest in describing to tourists and boarders. The ceiling is chipped, and the walls pitted with fragments. And there are seven quart graves in the Sharmen as a monument to the Governor of Saigon . . . who didn't need protection



"That's not bad, dear, but he should be working by now"



## the REBEL had 38 VICTIMS

The Crown Solicitor's dinner cost two million pounds that night.

GEORGE FARWELL

MR. GURNER was suddenly in a great hurry to go home. He swept the most pressing documents into his bag, reached for his top hat, bustled out of the office only to be accosted by two resolute gentlemen wearing American trousers. His escape was cut off.

"You the Crown Solicitor?"

"Afraid I can't see you now."

"We won't detain you long. My name's Blanchard, United States Consul. My friend here's got information to lay against the captain of the *Shenandoah*. I want her restrained from sailing."

"I've got to get home," said Mr. Gurner. "I've got to get home for dinner."

"Let me remind you, Mr. Gurner, my country's at war. This is a rebel ship . . . preying on United States vessels. You've captured her here, given her supplies. Now we've got you proof. Americans have joined her crew. That, I guess, constitutes a breach of international

law. You've got to stop her putting to sea tomorrow."

"Why come to me?" said Gurner desperately. "See a magistrate?"

"That dinner was to cost the British Government \$6,303,039—which is £A1,969,699 at today's rate of exchange."

The trouble began when, on January 25, 1865, a mysterious ship sailed into Hobson's Bay, flying a flag Melbourne had never seen before, a white ensign with a St. George's cross and stars, emblem of the Confederate States of America.

Several United States frigates, lying at anchor, struck their colors, prepared to put to sea. But the U.S. *Shenandoah*, whose notoriety had preceded her, did not show fight.

But Melbourne's welcome was by no means neutral. The *Shenandoah's* sensational arrival split the city into two hostile camps. Society leaders, as a gesture of sympathy towards the Southern aristocracy

fighting for its lost privileges and luxuries, invited the officers to balls, soirees, receptions, picnics.

The underprivileged condemned these smart, grey-uniformed officers as dangerous swashbucklers who wanted to restore the slave regime Abraham Lincoln was struggling to abolish. "A gang of respectable pariahs," threatened the *Age*.

Ignoring the political sympathies of the "quality" and their own private social enmities with Confederate officers, government officials balanced the tightrope of international precedent. The code of warfare allowed neutral states to aid foreign warships, so long as they supplied neither weapons nor crew, and packed them off as soon as they were seaworthy. Blanchard, not uncharitably, wanted to keep even this limited assistance.

The *Shenandoah*, he insisted, was not entitled to belligerent rights, for she had sailed from Britain under a false name, colors and papers. Waddell was not legally skipper, having signed on, as a member of the crew, under another name.

Further, the man-o-war had never entered a Confederate port. She was, in fact, a pirate, and should be confiscated.

"Her vacation is not to fight," wrote the *Age*, "but to plunder."

The Governor, advised by Attorney-General Higginbotham, told Blanchard that, whatever the *Shenandoah's* previous record, he was bound to treat her as a ship of war belonging to a belligerent power.

Then information leaked out that Waddell, scorned by the desertion of 40 odd seamen, was trying to get

American recruits for the crew.

A guarded advertisement appeared in the *Argus*, warning "two or three respectable young men to be generally useful to travel up new country." Among those who responded was one George Kennedy. Interviewed by the advertiser, a Mr. Powell of 125 Flinders Lane, he was asked if he knew anything about big game.

"Why, yes," he said. "I've seen military service. I'm still a sergeant in the Volunteers."

While he was there several other young men came in, signed papers and went off to the docks. Kennedy slipped away and dropped into the police department. Immediately warrants were issued for the arrest of Powell and his unnamed associate.

A strong detachment of police, armed with carbines, was sent off to the ship at Williamstown with authority to search the cruiser. Captain Waddell refused to allow anyone on board.

When the police started on searching, Waddell shouted angrily: "I'll fight my ship rather than permit it." Claiming that the deck of a warship was inviolable, he ordered them away.

That night the water police came into action, keeping the *Shenandoah* under observation. They saw four stealthy shadows drop over the side. One evaded arrest by declaring himself an American citizen; another, a fifteen-year-old boy, by proving himself under age. The remaining two were sent to goal.

Then more disturbing information sent the United States Consul hurrying down to Mr. Gurner's Crown Law Office. The Govern-



must had become alarmed by dispersed popular criticism, now having repercussions across in Whitehall, and ordered the *Sherandoah* to leave within 24 hours.

Blanchard was overjoyed, believing the Government would be forced to seize the ship for failing to obey the order. She was still on the ship, but no coal nor provisions, was 42 men short of an adequate

On the afternoon of February 17, her ship thundered down off the ship. Men volunteered to coal her and load provisions all night. Forty-two Australian adventurers were said to have signed the ship's articles, carrying orders to report to a secret conference before daylight.

Boffed by Gerner's preoccupation with his stomach needs, Blanchard began a frantic but fruitless search for a magazine.

The facts, subsequently confirmed by an international court of inquiry at Geneva, were these:

Before engineering the civil war, the Confederates had commissioned the building of three ships in Glasgow, the *Alabama*, *Florida* and *Sherandoah*. First to be launched was the C.S.S. *Alabama*.

The *Florida* was also launched and building continued of the *Sherandoah* (or the *Sea King*, as she was officially known in the Glasgow shipyards).

In 1864, two years after the start of the war, the *Sea King* sailed from Liverpool under the British flag. She was registered as a coaster bound for India. At Madras, the British coaster, *Sea King*, became the roving armed cruiser *Sherandoah*.

To follow the fortunes of the *Sherandoah*, she slipped out of

Melbourne next morning before daylight, with Blanchard still vainly posturing.

The unflinching *Age* still demanded Government intervention, saying, "It will be quite unnecessary to bring round a ship of the Australian squadron. We would back Mr. Verdon's raft, with a single gun and a dozen Williamstown Volunteers, to get the *Sherandoah*, chronometers and all, under water in less than 20 minutes."

As it happened, Waddell's cruises made the best of her freedom and inside four months destroyed 39 American whalers, a feat of arms which succeeded in doubling the world price of sperm oil. On June 28, 1865, she sighted a fleet of 10 whalers in the Behring Sea, sailed in among them, flying the Stars and Stripes. One whaler, joyously hailing a friendly ship, sent a whaleboat across, asked for the loan of a carpenter for repairs.

Captain Waddell, old-style Southern officer and gentleman, ran up the Confederate flag, opened fire. Of the 10 whalers only two remained afloat, and those only because Waddell needed accommodations for his prisoners.

The *Sherandoah*, having no country to return to, remained at sea until all supplies were gone, then sailed for England and surrender.

The British Government handed her over to the United States Consul, a poor substitute for her tally of 39 ships beneath the ocean. Of the \$19,077,978 damages Britain had to pay, no less than \$6,303,039 represented the career of the *Sherandoah*. I wonder if Mr. Gerner ever read that bill?



"I didn't see her in time to square her."



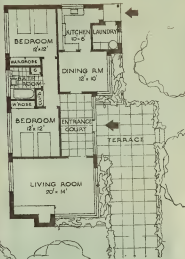
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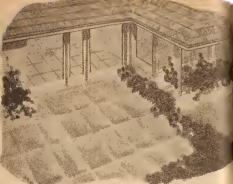
## THE HOME OF TODAY (No. 31)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, R.A.I.A.

When building restrictions are eased, and materials supply improves so that something more than the absolute minimum can be attempted, the effect of modern living on Australian home plans will become more evident. All over the world there has been a move towards more outdoor living, and in most parts of the Commonwealth a kindly climate makes this more practicable than in most countries.

The idea of a living room opening on to a terrace is not new, but it is becoming more acceptable to a greater number of people every day. On the plan on this page the idea is developed a step further by the use of an intermediate entrance court. This is divided from the terrace by the entrance door and a wall composed entirely of glass, so that, although the court is small, an air of spaciousness is achieved. (Continued on page 66)





Connecting the living and dining rooms, this court is far more useful than an entrance hall and could be utilized for a variety of purposes. With tiled or paved floor it follows the Italian and Southern French plan, and becomes a pleasantly cool place on hot days. The living room adjoining is divided from the terrace by a long line of windows and a flower box.

The plan is of a two-bedroom house, each bedroom designed to accommodate two beds and each with its built-in wardrobe. Cupboard space is a special feature, as there is a coat and linen cupboard placed so that it will be handy to both the bedroom and the entrance door, and an additional towel cupboard in the bathroom, as well as the built-in wardrobe. The kitchen is also well fitted up with cupboards, arranged to facilitate the functions of the room. As well as a communicating door between kitchen and dining room, there is a sliding service panel.

For a small home there is considerably more entertaining area than usual, even without the outdoor terrace. The house has been planned for a sloping piece of ground, and for this reason is quite narrow.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 40 feet. If the fall of the land is from front to back, or vice versa, instead of across, the house could be placed the other way, in which case it would require a frontage of 60 feet. At the rate of £150 per square, the building cost would be £1950.



## Pride of Ownership

The A.M.P. Society has helped many thousands of people throughout Australia to acquire homes by easy regular monthly payments over a term of years — homes of which they are justly proud.

There is no charge for valuation or for the preparation of mortgage deeds. These costs are borne by the Society. Before taking any steps to build or buy, ask the nearest office of the A.M.P. Society for full particulars.

## A.M.P. SOCIETY

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY  
*Saving Through Co-operation*

HEAD OFFICE: 87 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

# Behind that CURTAIN



The boring repetitious of hard exercise gives ballet girls glamour on the stage.

Any form of ballet from music-hall to Russian, from three-minute numbers to three hours of choreography, demands physical perfection, both in constitution and to the eye. These girls worry least about their beauty—their audiences do that. But they have to be sound in mind and limb, and able to take it. What goes on during the show is enough to tire out for a week almost anybody who is in the stalls: but the dancers do twenty times that much physical work in rehearsal and practice exercises. Among the lower-pod of Hollywood's girls, ballet dancers, who never get so much as a credit line, are the hardest worked, while they're working.



This is just exercise to improve pose and posture—only in a dancer's life she learns that only steady exercise can keep what she has, and improve on her gracefulness—no pose or pose is ever regarded as perfect, no suppleness will stay unless tireless exercise keeps it.



A simple gesture of the hand may mar an otherwise flawless performance. Every tilt of the finger and angle of the hand helps to keep the harmony of the movement. Right! The ballet master tells these girls, "You must learn perfection by doing this exercise over and over again—but you must never look as though you do it automatically."





Above, left: The ballet master should have reason to look pleased, but he does not. Sure, the last routine was perfect—but there's another one to be tackled now. This is hard work, and serious. Below, left: Consumed and ready for the audience, the girls show only easy grace of movement and, materially, top-grade team work.

Above: This is only one girl and a mirror. Jane Horner, taking off her ballet shoes after a tiring performance, relaxes at last—until rehearsal in the morning. Her pose in this picture is reminiscent of the famous painting of Degas.



## Problem of the Month

A businessman was touring one of his smaller sales territories when he became ill. The town in which he was stricken was so small that it didn't possess a doctor, and the nearest doctors were in two cities some distance away.

His secretary immediately communicated with both of the cities to get doctors on the way with all possible speed, and was told that a doctor would leave both cities in exactly one hour.

The doctor from the nearer city left in a plane that travelled at 225 miles per hour all the way, and the doctor from the other city left in a plane that travelled at 200 miles per hour all the way.

The slower of the two planes arrived at the town in which the man lay all 16 minutes after the other plane.

How far from the small town were the two cities?

## Answer

Answer: The two cities from which the doctors flew to the bedside of the sick businessman were 75 and 150 miles away.



## Repentance of DELILAH

BROWNING THOMPSON

He was strong and secure, but she  
brought him to his knees in ruin.

THE reading lamp spilled a pool of light over the leather-topped desk and caught the sheen of Janice's hair as she bent over the pages of manuscript.

Across the parquet polish another lamp threw up the haggard hollows

in the Professor's giant face. When Janice looked up at him, she blinked her eyes quickly, and then rubbed them with her fingers. The old man's head looked almost like a skull.

In the room only the ticking of

the clock, loud as hammer beats, broke the solid silence. Janice shook her head and pushed the honey-colored curls back with her fingers. She stood up and stretched, and her body was beautiful.

Professor Shamus looked up. "Tired?" he asked. The voice was thin and weary.

"Yes, I'm tired," she said, "So are you. We ought to leave this alone."

"We have to finish it," he said. Janice crossed to a polished wood filing cabinet and pulled open a drawer. She took out the flat flask of whiskey and peered two fingers into a glass and swallowed at once while he watched her. He opened his lips and closed them again without making any sound.

The girl drew a deep breath, held it for a moment, and inhaled at once. He got up and came over to her.

"Listen, my dear," he said, "that won't help you. When you're that tired you should stop."

"We've got to get it done," she said, "or else—" She broke off.

"Or else I'll die before it's finished, eh?" He chuckled deeply. "That's what you're thinking, isn't it, eh?"

She put the bottle slowly back in the cabinet and pushed the drawer closed.

"Don't worry about me," she said. "All my life I've done what had to be done. I've never let up until I finished—never. When I was twelve my father said I was fourteen and sent me to work in a cafe kitchen, and I studied when my eyes were dropping out. I took cocaine to get strength to do my University exams—and I did them,

and the drug didn't get hold of me."

He patted her shoulder. "I know, I know," he said, "but now the necessity is past..."

"Necessity is never past as long as I live," she said fiercely. "You're famous and honored, I'm only your secretary. But I'm going to be famous and honored..."

"Fame is a farce," he said. "There's no such thing as fame."

She walked back to her desk and sat down.

"No such thing as fame? What about the Paris Convention, when they sent a plane across the world to take you over there to talk for just half an hour? You had one fact the whole world wanted—they came to you for it—wasn't that fame?"

He shook his head. "There are two hundred million people in the world—I don't suppose two thousand of them want me, or even know my name. Don't chase fame," he said, "just be happy."

Janice got up from her chair and leaned against the desk, lighting a cigarette. She puffed a stream of smoke into the beam of light from the reading lamp and watched it hang in the still air.

"Some people are hurt by being poor, and they break their heads for the sake of getting rich," she said. "I have been stung from babyhood by the thought that I don't mean anything to anybody. I'm going to even it up by being famous."

Professor Shamus said, "Just be yourself, and be happy."

She ignored him. "Nobody's ever wanted me," she said. "My own father used me as a slavey, my

mother hated me, the boys in the restaurant made their dates with other waitresses, the students at the University never asked me for cigarettes—"

"They were probably afraid of you," the Professor said. "You're a rather frightening person, you know, especially now. You're cold, haughty, unapproachable..."

She laughed and stubbed out the cigarette. "I want to be liked, adored, chased after," she said. She beat the papers on the desk with the back of her hand. "I want to be like this woman—powerful and famous."

She sat down over the manuscript again, and read its title in a low, slow, dreamy voice. "The Love of Delilah," she read, and after a pause the sub-title. "A translation of a newly-discovered manuscript from the *Sinai Papyrus*, by Professor Albert Shamus."

"See," she said. "A new manuscript—a new translation. That's your fame."

"If we finish it," he said. "You're so busy wanting to be another Delilah that we're wasting precious time."

Janice went over and put her hand on his shoulder. "I'm so sorry," she said, "to be crying about myself to you. Why don't you deal sternly with me?"

"I understand how you feel," he said, "because I used to feel that way myself. I got over it, and I think you will, too. Never take yourself too lightly, my dear, but never take your moods too seriously," he said. "Besides, I'm so eager to get this work over and done with that I am working you too hard. Let's finish now."

Janice lit another cigarette. "It's only half-past-eight," she said, "we could work for quite a while yet. I feel marvelous again now."

"Ah, the whiskey," he muttered, and the cigarette quickly. "No, Professor—your patience, I think."

"Well," he said, "my patience will wait till tomorrow to see what happens next in this new tale of ours. Now off with you."

Janice gathered up the papers and slipped them into a manuscript case. "I'll take my copy and read it through at home," she said. "I'll relax and read it in bed, that will save a lot of time tomorrow."

He walked with her to the big front door and watched her run down to the pavement. "I wish you'd go out and enjoy yourself tonight," he said, "go and have a good time."

Janice waved her hand without looking round, and stepped into her little car. Professor Shamus watched until the tail light swung out of sight. Then he went slowly back to his study, to the important new manuscript that must be rendered into English.

Janice propped herself up comfortably in bed with a glass of whiskey and cigarettes on the bedside table and began to read through the sparsely revised first pages of "The Love of Delilah."

It happened that in the old days of Sorek there lived a woman of joy whose holding all men did.

She let the words run before her eyes again and again, and she let her hand run back—back to her father, the first man she had known, who cuffed her over the head when she cried her baby tears, she re-



membered the man who came into the greasy little restaurant where she worked as a child, and she remembered the fresh young University student who took it for granted that because he bought her two glasses of beer she would be his mistress . . . You had to do things the way men wanted them, if you were going to be popular, but once it had been different—there had been a woman . . . She read again.

*It happened that on the valley of Sook there sat a woman of joy whose bidding all men did . . .*

She read on, through the story of Delilah of Samson, the strong man, whose enemies could not bind him with flax, who burned the corn of the Philistines with firebrands tied to fencer's tails, and who cried away the gates of the city.

She read—

*So the leaders came to Delilah and said, Frequenting and terrible is this strong man, death and destruction walk with him in our land. Entice him, and discover from him what his weaknesses may be, that we may trap him.*

The manuscript went on with the story. It told what the Bible story had never told, of the cunning coquetry that had brought Samson slowly to Delilah's house, and of the great love Samson had found for the beautiful woman of Sook.

*Let us leave this valley and this country, Samson said, and go to a place where we may know nothing except each other, and abounding love. But Delilah asked, Are you the strong man, to protect me in a strange land? And Samson laughed and said, I am strong enough to protect you against the*

*bows of the field and against the arrows of men, and I am strong enough to carry you away by force. But Delilah asked, What is your strength? And Samson said, My strength is my men, but it cannot prevail against love such as my love for you.*

Justice sipped her whiskey and smiled. One day, she thought, a man would speak to her like that. She wondered who it would be—but among the men she knew there were few enough likely to be strong men or lovers. The cluttered, worn-out life of books brought her to men emasculated by much reading, and their friends. Only very seldom did she meet men like Leslie—Leslie who said, *I'll ring you up one day, if I may!*—and failed to keep his word.

She finished the whiskey and lit a cigarette, and went back to her reading.

*And Samson sought to kiss Delilah, but she repulsed him and said, How can I accept the kiss of a man who does not trust me? And Samson went away bitterly.*

But he came again, and sought to kiss her, and she turned her face away from him and said, Tell me that you trust me, and tell me what makes you strong, so that I shall know you can protect me, and then I shall be yours.

And Samson said, Never has my love been ripped from the day of my birth, and for that reason I am strong. So Delilah raised her long fingers to Samson's hair and drew him down upon the couch, and he loved the woman of Sook that night.

Justice got out of bed and poured herself another whisky with hands

that trembled. She drank it standing on the floor mat in front of the cheval mirror in her dressing table, and she looked in the mirror and saw, in the greasy pyramas, a very desirable young woman.

She put the empty glass on the dressing table and went over to the bed. She stood looking down at the manuscript, biting her lips at thought. She glanced at the telephone and at her watch. It was only ten o'clock now. She was tired, but she couldn't sleep. She was awake, but she couldn't read any more.

She picked up the telephone quickly and dialed a number she had never used before. She had never used it, but she had remembered it, ever since that day when she had met Leslie for the only time, and he had said, *I'll ring you up one day, if I may!*

She had been sure then that he would, that very soon she would mean something to somebody—to him. She had found his name in the telephone book and had memorized the number, because one day she would need it. She finished dialing it and listened to the ringing of the telephone; when she knew it was ringing at his place, she felt a little foolish, and wondered if she should put the telephone down before he answered.

"You won't remember me," she said softly, and gave her name.

"Oh, indeed I remember you. I'm very glad indeed to hear from you," he said.

A little careless because of what she had drunk she said, "Indeed," and he laughed. "Yes, I know I use the word too much," he said. "Why did you ring me up?"

"Because you didn't ring me," she told him, "and I thought you might have lost my number."

"It's not too late for supper somewhere . . ." he suggested.

"I have to go to work tomorrow," she said.

"Oh, I wouldn't keep you out past midnight," he reassured her. "What do you say?"

She heard the voice of Professor Shemas saying, "I wish you'd go out and enjoy yourself tonight." Into the telephone she said, "Of course I'll come—why do you think I ring you up?"

Leslie was young and he was wealthy, and he did not work office hours.

"You know," he told her, as they sat in the lounge of a good hotel waiting for supper, "you owe me a trifle. I mean, working on all those important papers, working with foreign languages, it's so—so very important. It's worth something."

"Could I have a drink?" she asked, "a whiskey and soda?"

He raised his eyebrows. "Do important people like you go in for vice?"

She smiled at him. She liked what he said. It was the first time anybody had suggested her with being important. "Even little people like me drink whisky," she said, "just like the really worth while people—like you."

"Oh, I don't drink," he told her. "It interferes with the clarity of my mind. I have an after-dinner cigar. It is the only one of the day. It soothes me and gives me relaxation without impairing my efficiency. When you run a wealthy business, you can't run risks."

Janice smiled bitterly. There it was: she was an important person—he ran a wealthy business and couldn't run the risk of a ghost of whisky. What the hell would happen to the world when he died? She had a sudden fancy desire to let some light into his little mind.

"You're a manager, and you make people do the work for you," she said. "You should find while your slaves are toiling."

"A very primitive expression," he said. "You sound like a beautiful, headless Indian queen."

She smiled, forcing herself to look deeply into his eyes. "I suppose it's the influence of those important manuscripts," she said. "They are much more interesting than men. Manuscripts are full of surprises—men run to type."

She half turned away from him as she spoke, and he could see no more than her creamy powdered bare back and the smooth softness of her shoulders. She turned her head and looked at him sideways through drooping lashes. "Get me another whiskey, my dear," she said.

Leslie got her another whiskey. He said he did not mind if she drank, and she thought it was dimmed condescending of him, and hated him for it, and strengthened her resolve to beat him.

"You're so solemn," she said, and placed her hand on his knee.



"I'm a little hot right. Leslie, my dear, I'm going to start singing in a moment."

He scarcely covered his disapproval. "You're only young once, my dear girl," he said. "And you have nothing to keep you from enjoying yourself any way you like."

Janice writhed at the smug tolerance of it. From his tower he was looking down at her, pitying her weakness, telling her that the world wouldn't care if she were drunk—but his respectability had to be safeguarded.

She resisted the temptation to tell him what she thought. "You know," she said, "if you were a little bit merry we could have fun."

"I'm extremely happy like this," he said, "and I'm having fun, in my way."

She shook her head, curling her full lips into a pouting smile. "You're not having fun," she said. "Neither am I. Take me home."

He put the evening cloak around her bare shoulders and led her out. She had come at a time so that he would have to take her home in his

When he saw himself in the big mirror below, Leslie returned. He looked into a bleated, glassy-eyed face...



Oh, and at the door of the flat she gave him her key and let her in in the hallway she swung against him, leaned against him, looking up into his eyes, for he was a tall man.

"Help me up to my flat," she said, and gave a little hiccup.

He steadied her on her feet and patted her hand. "Now you run along upstairs," he said. "You'll be all right."

She looked at him through half-closed eyelids, and slowly shook her head. A wisp of honey hair fell over her eyes and he became conscious of the brown eyes, dewy bright, smiling through the sliver sheen. "Help me up," she said, "I might twist an ankle."

They were half way up the stairs and she was leaning heavily on him. She started to laugh. He picked her up in his arms and she curled one arm around his neck, and the evening cape slid from her shoulders. He carried her to the top. "Which door?" he asked, and she told him, and still holding her he opened the door and carried her in.

"Lie me on the bed," she said. He put her down gently. As he did so the arm around his neck tightened, and her other arm slid about his waist, and she stammered herself against him in a lingering kiss. Then her body suddenly relaxed, and she lay on the bed, laughing up at him. She thought he stood for all the men she had ever wanted, who had not been bothered with her, and she was glowing with a savage victory that he was there with her now.

"I—I love you, Leslie," she said. He twisted his fingers in her hair. "If you would only say that

sincerely," he started, and did not finish. She took his hand away from her hair. "Get my cape for me, pet," she said.

He went out obediently and found it where it had fallen, on the stairs. He came back through the door, into the room, and she was not lying on the bed. She was standing at the wardrobe, behind the door, and she clicked the door shut and leaned against it. Her evening gown was a pool of gas-simmer on the floor, where she had let it fall, and she was not drunk now. She was acutely conscious by the scanty underthings she wore.

She smiled at him, and the vagueness was shaken out of her eyes. There was no thickness in her voice when she said, as she came over to him, "Leslie, darling, I'm not drunk. You're not going to walk out now."

She put her arms round his neck and leaned against him, and later, lying on her stomach on the bed, her chin propped in her hands, looking into his eyes with an intensity of expression that captured him, she offered him a drink. He accepted a whisky then. "Because you ask it," he said. He sat close to her and would have made love, but she sat up beside him and gathered the manuscript up from where it had been pushed under the pillow, and she began to tell him of her work, and of the professor.

"And what," he asked politely, "is the story of this wonderful new manuscript?"

"The story of Samson and Delilah, and it has never been known before," she said. "The full story, a long book of it."

"And is it different from the one we know?" he asked.

"In almost every particular," she said.

"And what does this story say, this new one?"

She could see that he was not interested and did not care. He could not take his eyes off her, but she told him something of the manuscript.

He professed a polite surprise. "And is there much to do with it still?" he asked.

"Months of work," she assured him. "Buy me a dinner in a week and I will tell you the next instalment of the story."

She was late on the following morning, and Professor Shamus was obviously relieved when she arrived. She swept into the library, drawing off her gloves one finger at a time, smiling at him, gay.

"You look very well," he said.

"Well don't sound so surprised," she admonished him.

"But last night—you were so tired—you had a good rest?" he queried.

"I had very little rest," she said.

"I took your advice and went out with a nice man."

The old man stood up and threw back his head, punching one bunched-up fist into the palm of his other hand. "What did I tell you? Always you keep saying nobody wants you, you are going to make men chase you. You just talk, girl! You have brains for my work, and no brains for your own life. But never mind. Now a man has taken interest in you."

"I made him," she said mischievously.

He laughed. "Oh, of course," he said, "you must keep up the pose. Why don't you accept the facts—that somebody has begun to show you that you are important to him?"

"Because he hasn't," she said. "Because I sang him up—because I think he'd love to escape from me—but he won't."

The professor set down. "He won't want to, James," he said. "Not if he's sensible."

"I won't let him," she said. "I'll have my own way with him, like Delilah did with the men."

"Delilah brought disaster," he said. "Remember that!"

James sat down in her swivel chair and drawing her case towards her commenced pulling out the pages of the manuscript. "Perhaps I'll be greater than Delilah," she said. "I'll win him, and when your work is finished I'll marry him. I have been—he has money. The big social world will wait at our door—at my door. Photographers will plead with me to give them my pictures for the papers. . . and I'll put those crowing society boys in their place. I'll make the poor men wish they were rich and the rich men wish they could . . ."

She stopped abruptly.

Professor Shamus came over to her and stood looking down, concerned on his face.

"You speak wildly," he said, "and it is very foolish. This is my fault, for allowing you to work so hard. You must not have those thoughts—you must have more rest."

"You're a dear man," she said, "but you mustn't worry. I'm all right. I'll get better."

He went back to his place at his

desk, and he looked at her long and anxiously many times during the morning; but she was working quietly and methodically through his latest corrections, and he shrugged his shoulders. Perhaps, he thought, her outbreak this morning did her good. Perhaps it did. Then he came upon a very difficult passage and called for reference books, and the work absorbed him again; justice worked so quietly and methodically and he became so preoccupied that he forgot all about her problems. That night she worked until nine o'clock, and she did not go to the polished wood cabinet for the whiskey she kept there, but she did a thing she had not done before. As she was ready to leave she rang up on the Professor's telephone and asked Leslie to meet her because her car was broken down.

"I'm sorry," the Professor said, overhearing her. "I'm sorry you had a breakdown. Nothing much I hope."

"I didn't have a breakdown," she said.

He smiled. "Ah, well, woman's wiles," he said with a shrug, and he was humming happily when he let her out. He saw the big car that was waiting for her, and he smiled again.

In the following weeks there were times when Leslie decided that she was worth reforming, and times when he felt prepared to throw away his principles for her, but there was never a time when he felt that he could throw her away for the shifless, worthless creature she seemed to be. When he was with her he would, at her invitation and because of the light in her eyes, drink a whiskey or two;

later on he drank two or three, but he did this in the knowledge that if he compensated with her a little, his wooing would be the easier.

He seemed really to believe that if he drank a little more she would drink a little less; she, in fact, told him so. There was no trickery, no promise, she did not make to help her conquer him. She was forever teasing him, through those long weeks, with the thought that she would get him drunk one night. "I made you drunk," she teased him, "and one night I'm going to make you drunk."

Tolerantly, because he did not believe she was capable of this much, he smiled at her and said, "You'll have to drug me," and she said sternly, "That won't be necessary."

The night she told him it was her birthday he planned something special for her, and she asked him to meet her at her flat because she had a new gown and she wanted him to bring a corsage. He did, and he did not know that when she persuaded him to drink whiskey while he was there that the water she poured into it was gin.

At dinner, in an expensive place, she insisted on champagne and insisted on his drinking it with her—but that was after the dinner wine, and he did not protest strongly.

"This is not a dinner," she told him, "it is a Bacchanalian feast."

"I do not think it has the appearance of ancient Rome," he said.

"It has the carefree happiness of the Phalutines," she told him. "Let us dance."

They danced, and she had never

looked into his eyes so lovingly, and never felt him so sympathetic.

"It will be like this on our marriage night," she breathed.

He answered what he had said many times. "If you would only say that soberly."

She danced on in silence a moment, then, "I don't think we'd better see each other again, Leslie," she said.

In contrast with what she had said before, it shocked him a little. "What?" he demanded quickly.

"You're always finding fault," she told him, "just because I drink sometimes, and the whole fact of the matter is that I love life, I enjoy myself, and I'm happy. You're frightened to enjoy yourself, Leslie. That's the trouble. You're frightened to drink, frightened to laugh."

When the dance finished he walked slowly back to the table with her.

She sat down and smiled at him and covered his hand with her. She blinked into his eyes and said warmly, "Hello, darling!" It was one of the silly little habits she had that made her seem very intimate and very dear to him. Coming after her dempondency and accusations, it filled his mind with the disturbance she had so carefully sought to create.

"Take me home," she asked.

In the darkness of the car she knew he would start to talk about them, and she didn't want that.

"We're getting near the end of the manuscript," she said.

Leslie said, "Damn the manuscript. Can't you ever think of anything else?"

"Well, I'm always thinking of

you," she said; "but I thought you were uninterested too."

He said he was interested, too, and she told him, "We've got a wonderful description of the feast with blind Samson as the clown. It's as good as Shakespeare, really. It describes all the wicked things that were going on around him, and he can only picture them from the sounds. That's a very powerful passage describing how tortured he was because he felt so near to it, and just couldn't see."

He pulled the car to a standstill outside her flat.

"That's how I often feel," he said. "I'm so near to it—and I just can't see."

"So near to what?" she asked, leaning against him.

"Well—so near to you. So near to understanding you and seeing daylight. Sometimes I'm full of doubts; I would never have compromised my ideas with anybody else as I have with you. I'm just wondering how far I can throw away my old habits, to be with you, without losing my grip on business."

It was all he needed to say. Leslie felt a fierce exaltation in her. She saw him again as a symbol of every man she had ever met, men who stood her aside, men who treated her nicely and passed on, men who thought she was cheap and transient. Always—every time—there was something they put before her Leslie and his business! But now he realised that she and the business went together in his life. He wanted them both. She was going to make him want her more, she had to be bigger to him than business.

to be with you without losing my grip on business," he said.

"Don't be a silly old thing," she told him, "your business must come first."

He caught her hand, "No," he said, "you come first, you always will."

She opened the side door and got out, taking her hand gently away. "Are you coming upstairs?" she asked.

He followed her up the stairs, and when she got inside she stretched and yawned, conscious that she was extending to his view a perfect body, unobscured. She threw herself down on the down and curled up, as if to conceal herself. "Get me a drink, dear," she said.

"And pour one for yourself," she added. He came over with the glass. She looked up at him archly and said, "Hello, Samson."

He smiled down at her, handing her the drink. "Do I look like Delilah?" she asked.

"More beautiful," he said. "You're Jane to me."

She let him talk on. He folded his arms around her and kissed her, and she let her head rest against his, her eyes blinking up into his, smiling at him, saying nothing. She had never been so supine, never been so near to being his.

"Another drink?" she asked.

"Now?"

"Go and get it, don't spoil this wonderful time," she said.

Curiosity was gone from him. The evening had had its effect, and her nearness and her beauty had done what the wine could not. As he

came back she asked again, "Do I look like Delilah now?"

"No, you look like Jane to me—the wonderful Jane," he said. He sat down beside her and drained his glass. He bent over her, smelling the perfume she used, feeling the velvet skin of her bare shoulder under his hand, and as his lips met hers she swept her head aside, flinging her hair in his face. He tried to turn her head, to kiss her, and he could not. He picked her up in his arms and lay her across his knee and kissed her and she squirmed away, sportively and he pursued her. When he caught her she tried to evade him again, but he crushed her against him.

She slapped his face and pushed him away from her, and he caught at the new gown and it tore, and then she swore at him. He threw her on the down on her face and beat her buttocks with his flat hand, muttering his scores and hatred of her. She lashed against him with her new bare feet, and when her heel caught him in the stomach he needed back. Where she had scratched him there were streaks of blood across his cheek.

When he saw himself in the big mantel mirror reason returned. He looked into a bloated, glassy-eyed face with a tangle of curly hair. His brow was slow and there was wisdom on his forehead. He was made hideous by the smears of blood on his cheek. He was shocked to consciousness by the sight. He looked at her, the torn dress hanging about her no longer glamorous, and where it had slipped a little from one shoulder it looked drunkenly disarrayed, and the half-here blouse looked no

longer enticing. She was shaking with sob as she stood up.

"Get out—get out, you rotten drunken swine!" she shouted.

The passion that blazed in her eyes, the bloated redness of her face, the disarrayed golden hair wreathing like Medusa's viper about her face, and his own recollections of his madness, but at him, and the pain forced consciousness.

"Oh God, oh God in heaven!" he muttered, and stole from the room, across the hall, down the steps into the cold night air. She saw him go. She stood sobbing until she heard the door bang at the street entrance. Then she ran across to the window. "Leslie," she called, looking down. "Leslie, come back."

People in adjoining flats would hear her—what they would think she didn't care. "Leslie—come back!" she called. She looked down to the pavement. He was standing hands on his feet, swaying on his feet.

"Leslie!" she called.

He opened the door of the car and slumped behind the wheel. She was running down the steps when the car engine roared to life. It swerved uncertainly out into the highway and she stood, tremored, pallid, in the darkness.

It was only a desperate hagger he killed on the dark road under the arch of trees, and he was almost a millionaire, but they sent him to jail for ten years for manslaughter. Jane went to see him in jail. She went to the grille and when he saw her on the other side he might have been amazed at the circles of sorrow around her eyes. He had had time to think about it all, time for the cruel-cold light of the police

court to shine down on him, making him very small, very stupid, stripping him of all he had ever believed about himself. She started to speak to him. She started to try and tell him how she had set out to humiliate him and to triumph over him, and how she now knew she loved him.

He stared at her, but did not hear her. He seemed almost unconscious of her presence. Then, drawing back a pace from the grille where she stood whispering vaguely, his lips formed a word, one word, as he turned away. "Delilah," he said.

Jane went out into the sunlight. She climbed into her little car and drove, and kept driving. Only late, and far out of the city, did she think of Professor Shannon, and of the manuscript.

From a little country hotel she looked a long distance call to him, and told him over two hundred miles of wire that she was sick and could not come back.

"You need a holiday so much, my dear," he said. "I'm glad you had the sense."

"Think you," she said flippantly. "I also need a holiday," he said. "Shall we resume our work in two weeks—at three—"

"I'll let you know," she said.

She meant to let him know, in a week, but the week passed and the second week passed, and she had not let him know. She was running away from something too big for her to understand—the realization of her own stupidity. She worked in a country store for a time, and then moved on to another town. She lost herself in a maze of slow country ways and occupations, and tried to forget all that was past

Shuman used to advise her to forget ambition and be happy. She had forgotten ambition now—but she could not be happy.

In the passing of the first months she lost inclination to do even the simple jobs of country stores, and she decided she needed a rest. She sold her car to get the money for the holiday, and it was through the selling of the car that the police found her.

The constable that came to live boarding-house rooms scared her, until he said that they had been trying to trace her for three weeks.

A friend of yours is looking far you," he said.

"Professor Shuman?"

The constable nodded.

"He'll never set eyes on me again," she told the policeman.

"That's right," he answered, "the professor has had a stroke—he is blind. Here." He handed her the message.

Professor Shuman had suffered a stroke, his sight was gone, and the use of his right hand. "If you don't come back the work will never be done," he said in the message. It took her a sleepless night and a morning wandering across the hills to think it out. Then she made up her mind, and went back.

"I am so glad, indeed, to see you," he told her, adding with a chuckle, "Not that I can see, but I feel it is you—and I believe you have suffered."

"I destroyed the man I loved," she said simply.

She told him all the story, and he shook his head, turning his blind eyes towards her voice. "I'm sorry, very sorry," he told her. "I con-

soled you against it. But you won't do good by idling away in the country. Let us get on with the work."

She said, "I don't feel that I will work again."

His voice hardened for the first time since she had known him. "You must work," he said, "my time is short. Here." He groped on his desk for papers, and at the sight of his helplessness she went across to help him.

"Those are they," he said, as she held the index number. "The final chapter of our manuscript in rough translation. The story of Dehlah as it was never told. Read it over slowly."

She stole back to her desk, the papers spread out in order. She read, and he interrupted her, asking her to check words and details. Then he demanded she read it again. "A sensational story, as the journalists would say," he remarked. "Here is the last chapter."

She read it:

*There was a feast in the great hall of the Philistines in the valley of Sorek, and Dehlah was there, and amid the eating and drinking the lords of the Philistines caused blind Samson to be led in to be the clown for their amusement. When Dehlah saw the strong man stooping there in his blindness she was sorry that she had betrayed him, for she saw more beauty in him than in those who mocked him, and she knew that she loved him as her best.*

*While the feasting was at its height she came to Samson and said, "Samson, if I were to love you would you be strong again?" And Samson said, "Do not mock me, for*



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you have mocked me enough already." Delilah said, "In my heart I love you, and now I would escape with you to the far land where we could live for love alone!"

... Samson said, "I trusted you and you made me weak and blind. How can I listen to you now?" Delilah answered him, "If you love me you will be strong again. There is here a pillar which supports the weight of the great arching roof. I will lead you to it, and I will return to make feasting with the lords of the Philistines at the door of the hall. When you have clasped your arms around the pillar, pull it down, and the roof will crash, but as you do this I will be near you, and will lead you out, and we alone shall escape."

... Samson said, "How can I to know you will be with me?" She said, "When I throw my goblet on the ground at your feet you will feel the wine splash on your feet, and that shall be the signal."

So Delilah returned to the feast, and called the lords of the Philistines to the day which was in the tower hall from which there was no escape. Then she called to them,

"Wait, my lords, while I bring Samson, for I will dance before you with the blood crown . . ."

Justice stopped reading, and shuddered. "Why, this is a horrible story," she said.

Shamus had been listening intently without moving, and with his closed eyes he scented asleep. His lips moved faintly. "Read on," he whispered.

So she read on:

... Delilah moved down before them all to the pillar towards the door where Samson sat, and her

goblet was in her hand. But while she was still some paces from him a drunken Philistine who wished to make sport of Samson dashed the wine from the goblet across the blind man's legs, and mistaking this for the signal of Delilah Samson's muscles strained at the great pillar which moved on its foundations.

Like a stream in the wind the pillar broke, and the great roof commenced to fall upon the drunken lords. Delilah screamed and ran towards Samson, and he, clumsy in his blindness, tripped and sprawled. A Philistine caught up Delilah and ran with her out of the danger.

And Delilah turned and saw the wreckage, and the number of men who were dead, and the groaning of the bruised men came in her out of the wreckage. Then she went into the desolation to find Samson, and he was still alive, propped beneath the masonry.

And Delilah comforted him and the ruin was his bed."

Professor Shamus said, "Isn't that a fine story?"

"It—it's a better story than the Bible," she said. "In the Bible Delilah has no redeeming feature . . ."

"No woman could be as bad as that," Shamus said. "I must tell you, that in translating this manuscript I made a mistake: it should not be 'The Love of Delilah,' but 'The Repentance of Delilah'—that is the name and purpose of the story. I don't understand how I made the mistake."

"I like it better," Justice said. "Now what about the corrections?"

"As soon as you will, my dear," he said. "I feel my time is short,



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said I would like to know that it is finished so that I can die in peace."

She went over and took his hand. "Don't you worry, old friend," she said. "I'll do them just as quickly as I can. I'll start them now."

"You'll work better if you do one thing first," he told her.

"And what is that?"

"Go and see Leuke."

"Go and see Leuke? But—he wouldn't even talk to me—he wouldn't even listen."

He smiled. "You can't blame him for this," he said, after what you did. "You had the strength to pull him down—have you the strength to pick him up again—?"

"I didn't make him kill the man," she said bravely.

"He would never have done it but for what you did. Go and see him again," the professor said.

"You always and you wanted to be Deliah. Go and find him among the ruins."

Janice turned away and went to

her desk. She sat down and took out the things she hadn't used for many months, and turned on the reading lamp that spilled its circle of light across her blotting pad. She took out papers that she had worked over repeatedly, but seemed strange to her now, and she felt a glow of the old happiness—the happiness that she had felt when she first joined the professor.

He, sitting poring over a Braille book, was a pathetic figure, but although he could not see her he seemed to sense that she was restless.

Janice tried to work. She took papers from her desk and rustled them into order, and put them in the clip-binding that was labelled for them: she'd labelled it herself before she went.

"It's good to be back," she said.

My goodness—the trouble you've gotten into while I was away!"

"Aren't you going to see Leuke? You'll settle down better if you do," he said. "You're only pretending now, you know I know that."

She did not answer, but Shamus heard her walking and knew that her footsteps were uncertain. In the long silence he listened to the rustling of her papers, and knew that those, too, were uncertain sounds. Then he heard her walk across the room, and heard the rustle of her coat, and her decisive step going towards the door. Still she said nothing, but when the door banged behind her he smiled with fixed happiness and leaned back in his chair.

"When she comes back she will work better," he said. "She's a good girl."



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WHEN old Pierre Le Mot ploughed the long-disused field at the back of his farm, he little expected to discover treasure. It was in the spring of 1937 and while scrabbling away the dirt from an obstruction to his plough, he found a battered marble statue. Excited, he drove straight to the office of the town authority. The town authority was frankly sceptical of the old man's claim that he had found something of great worth and

had the statue examined by an expert.

The nose and the arms were broken and there were chips cracked from its legs and body. But when the art dealer who was called to examine the statue saw it in its disreputable state, he procured it as a priceless piece of work and of the same period as the famous de Molo. Further experts were summoned from Paris and they supported his statement.

Old Pierre Le Mot was rewarded for his discovery and the statue was taken to Paris and set up on a specially erected pedestal in the Louvre.

Art lovers from all over the world travelled to Paris to see this delightful Venus of St. Euxaire and the statue was declared the property of the Republic. But a year later a swarthy, greasy-looking man visited the office occupied by the president of the Louvre and intro-



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ded himself in Francisco Crenson, a former Beaux Arts Academy student. He claimed that the Venus of St. Etienne was actually his work and that he had chiseled the statue between 1934 and 1936. Not being successful in finding a purchaser he had hacked it up and buried it in the hope that some one would believe it to be an antique find. Now he wanted some reputation for the dupes given his statue.

The president of the Louvre almost had the man thrown from his office, but suddenly Crenson placed on his desk the hacked off

maible of two sculptured arms. They were found to fit the statue exactly.

It seemed fantastic, but Francisco received a cheque and the statue was removed from the galleries of France's great treasure house. Francisco himself might have been a satisfied man if he had not immediately been arrested on another charge and his money claimed by his creditors. Indeed the only happy man in the affair was Pierre Le Mot. He still had his ten thousand francs and all he had done was to plough a deceiving field.

\*\*\*\*\*



IT was on the 3rd December, 1854,

that Peter Lalor uplifted his sword at the Eureka Stockade and slashed a road to Australia's freedom. It was a bold bid, but it won, and the story of the Eureka Stockade is never complete without this story. Peter Lalor's sword might have been lost from history forever if his family had not handed it down, father and son, until it came at last to Peter Lalor's grandson, John Lalor, in the year 1910.

John Lalor was an impressionable lad of sixteen, already well-versed in the story of Eureka, and determined that the historic sword would be revered and well-cared for until perhaps one day it would have an opportunity to be used again.

Swords were old-fashioned, outdated weapons, in the year 1910, but John joined a fencing club and

once used the sword in a challenge duel.

Four years passed and in 1914 the world went to war. When Aus trials came into the fight, John Lalor was one of the first to enlist. He went into action in France, was wounded and sent to England for treatment. Upon recovery he learned that his battalion, together with other Australian units, was to sail again East. No one knew whether they were going home or into some new attack. John Lalor went with them and with great difficulty he concealed his grandfather's historic sword in his kit bag.

Little did those troops know as the English pier faded from sight, that they were bound to make history, to write one of the bravest, yet most tragic pages in the story of Australia—Gallipoli.

Through a deadly rain of shells, the Australian ships approached the



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pitted Gallipoli shore. The Turks were hammering them with lead. How John Lalor managed to land with his sword in his hand without being detected by a sentry officer, will never be known. But brandishing the shining weapon, he led the attack towards a jutting rock held by the Turks. Three of them were squatting behind a chattering machine-gun, mowing down the khaki-clad Australians as they swarmed across the beach.

Shouting in his excitement, Lalor raced towards them, his sword held high. Miraculously, the machine-gun bullets did not seem to touch him, although all around him his comrades were lying either dead or wounded. Lalor leaped the barrier, swinging his sword in wide, scythe-like cuts which silenced the gun. Behind him more soldiers brought

up the rear and captured the position.

But not content with this victory, Lalor locked sword and foot, and then charged another post. This time he was not so lucky. His companions saw him clutch his fence and fall beneath a torrent of bullets, his sword falling out of his hands and disappearing in dust down the hillside.

Thus twice in its momentous history Peter Lalor's sword fought bravely for Australia's freedom. Maybe the spirit of Peter Lalor lived again in that supreme moment of attack at Gallipoli in the courageous body of his grandson. For on the cross above his grave at Gallipoli, some unknown, anonymous hand has scrawled the one word, "Barack"—the word that is linked with Lalor's fate.

\*\*\*\*\*



# WILLIAM L. CHAFFER

was a quiet little man who lived at North Carolina in America. He lived happily with his wife and four sons, worked industriously for six days of the week and gave his Sundays to worship. When he died in 1921, his funeral was conducted with the quietness which had characterized his life. Everyone was surprised when his will was read to find that he had left his small fortune to Marshall, his youngest son, and had made no provision for his wife and three eldest sons.

Four years passed in which the three eldest boys set about building their own future with their father's

industriousness. Then one night, James, the eldest, awakened to see his father standing by his bed. He said to him: "You will find a new will in my overcoat pocket," and then disappeared.

Next morning James sought the old overcoat and to his amazement he discovered a concealed pocket which contained a note. It read: "Read the 27th Chapter of Genesis in my old Bible." James and his mother, with shaking hands turned the pages of the Bible and found two of them stuck together. Opening them, they found a more recent will signed in 1919 and instructing that the estate of William L. Chaffer be divided equally between the



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four sons, all of whom were ad-  
 joined to care for the widow.

And so a court of law listened  
 to one of the strangest cases ever  
 to be presented of how a son had  
 received a visit from his dead fa-  
 ther. Reports were called and they  
 agreed that the document had been  
 written and signed by William L.  
 Chaffin in the year stated. The will  
 was successfully probated and the  
 estate divided up according to its

#### INSTRUCTIONS

This story is stranger still when  
 the pages are turned to the 27th  
 Chapter of Genesis, for it tells of  
 how Isaac, his eyes growing dim  
 with his years and therefore reluctant  
 upon his sense of touch to dis-  
 tinguish his sons, had mistakenly be-  
 queathed to Jacob that part of the  
 inheritance which rightly belonged to  
 Esau. Is there an explanation to  
 such things?

\*\*\*\*\*



ON the sixth day  
 of December,  
 1917, the ship which was cursed  
 sailed into the Narrows off Hali-  
 fax, Nova Scotia. It was a Nor-  
 western ship and was named the  
 "Imo."

Peculiarly and innocently, the  
 "Imo" bursted the swell of the  
 Narrows, and even to this day its  
 captain swears that some strange  
 force caused the wheel to spin out  
 of his hand and head the "Imo"  
 towards the side of the French  
 mailboat ship "Mont Blanc." The  
 captain said he could not have  
 avoided that collision. The bump  
 was not a severe one and as there  
 was no visible sign of great dam-  
 age, the "Imo" backed off, changed  
 her course and headed towards a  
 port. But as she did so, disaster  
 was brewing aboard the "Mont  
 Blanc."

Although the collision had not  
 been serious, it had overturned a  
 drum of benzol on board the "Mont  
 Blanc." This benzol was ignited by  
 the sparks produced by the clash of  
 steel from the two ships striking  
 and a blar flame shot along the

deck. Ten minutes later a globe of  
 gas from 4000 tons of T.N.T.  
 smashed the ship and spread over  
 sea, sky and land. It was a scorching  
 globe which headed straight for the  
 town of Halifax, bombing, searing  
 and killing every living thing in its  
 path. In all 2,000 people were  
 killed and 20,000 injured. Five  
 hundred persons were wiped com-  
 pletely from the earth, others were  
 blinded for life, or maimed and dis-  
 figured.

Strangely and cowardly enough,  
 those on the "Imo" were not touch-  
 ed by the gas and a few days later  
 the ship sailed for its destination.  
 But with it went the curses of thou-  
 sands of souls in Nova Scotia, the  
 curses of the blinded, the wounded,  
 and those who had seen their loved  
 ones killed. It seemed wrong that  
 this ship should escape unharmed  
 when it had been the cause of the  
 disaster.

It did not surprise those living  
 people in Halifax when they read  
 four years later that their curses  
 had had effect. The "Imo" had been  
 wrecked on the rocky shores of  
 Foulkland Island. Strangest of all it



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had been wrecked on the 6th December, 1921, the anniversary of the 'Imo's' horrible collision of the unhappy shores of Halifax

\*\*\*\*\*



JOHN MCCORMACK

was only six years of age when he made his first public appearance at a church fuction and before an audience composed mostly of friends and relations. At the age of fourteen he was asked to sing at a charity performance arranged by a local movement in his native Sligo to raise funds. With the fee of 5/- which he received for his turns he bought something he had longed for as long as Enrico Caruso had been making concert tours in Ireland, and that was a seat to hear the great tenor sing.

Before he entered the concert hall he bought a programme and on it he read the startling inscription—"Signor Caruso is the highest paid singer in the world. In the last year he earned fifty thousand pounds." John gasped. Fifty thousand pounds was a fortune.

Spellbound, he listened to the great Caruso sing and after the concert he slipped through the crowd and into the stage-door before anyone could stop him. He met Caruso

in the corridor and comforting him he asked, "You earn fifty thousand pounds a year, sir?"

Caruso was surprised but he answered that he did.

"Then one day I am going to earn more," McCormack said and fled into the street again.

Thirty years later two men sat at a table overlooking the canal in Venice. They toasted one another as they sat there drinking, as it was a special celebration. The two men who sat there were Enrico Caruso and John McCormack, for they had become good friends, and they celebrated the achievement of that statement made so many years before by the "boy with the golden voice". In that last year alone John McCormack had earned sixty thousand pounds!

The great Caruso, who had once boasted that no one should ever defeat him, either as a singer or as a financier in the world of music, toasted his friend graciously in champagne, but almost as if he were determined to keep faith with his boast, a week later he was dead.

\*\*\*\*\*



THIS is the pos-

sitive of an unattractive man who never married, possibly because no woman on whom he set his heart was ever

disposed to accept him. He was obscure not only at appearance but also in personality. He was always poor and usually starving and whenever the chance came for

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a free dancer, he accepted without any show of pride. He openly admitted that his business affairs were in a deplorable condition, and whenever he earned any money, he immediately spent it on a curious collection of useless articles which he gave away to anyone who was handy.

Perhaps it was the appearance of this little man which repelled most people before they even began to know him. He suffered from an ugly and incurable disease which had robbed him of all his hair and he wore a cheap brown wig, which he never cleaned and which smelled abominably. This gave him the appearance of a degenerate.

Physically he was not handsome. He was short and squat, with weak blue eyes which peered foggily through the thick lenses of his spectacles. When he dined at a restaurant, he cheerfully gave his bill to his friends to pay and if they protested, he would merely blink weakly through his spectacles and walk quietly away. He was a discredited to the streets of old Vi-

enna, this stumbling, awkward, dinky little figure which inhabited the taverns of the town in his spare time, listening vainly to the conversation of circus men and no doubt wishing that he too could have the magic power of great eloquence. But this he never had and, a sick man, he died at the age of thirty-five.

But after a time Vienna began to miss him because there were no more songs, for strangely enough this unpopular little man was known for his songs. While he lived they were taken for granted as the songs of a man who had to busse for his food and lodging, but after his death this shabby man became famous, for his songs were the work of a genius. But how much more grateful he would have been of recognition during the times he had stumbled fearfully into restaurants knowing he could not pay for his dinner. How much more grateful he would have been if the lovely ladies who attended him could have said just once "Ah, here is our good and clever friend, Franz Schubert."

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# Talking Points

• **COVER GIRL.** This issue of CAVALCADE is introduced by Norma Gansave, lovely brunette fashion model who, a wifely 5 feet 7 inches, is an encouraging example of how a girl can get on. Working as a hairdresser, in 1944 she entered a beach girl contest, came second, and thought she'd like to turn to modelling. She proved a gift for fashion work, having the height and figure to show exclusive designs to advantage, doing other modelling work as well, she thinks of her past, and says her new occupation is "much more interesting".

• Certain things happen from time to time which shock the world—some of them happen to be explosions on an unprecedented scale, like that which took place in Tibet a few months ago. It is not, unfortunately, unique in history, as C. Masson Kerr shows in "Death Shrouds Into Port". Here he cites some amazing and tragic cases of ships which have brought horror and destruction to apparently safe shelter not far from the land... recitals of these painful happenings in the bomb-throwing of terrorists. There has been a lot of it in the past these days, and there may be more. Some papers have their own idea of the bearded revolutionaries with a sword stuck in their back—but while these events happen often, an eyewitness account of them is rare. CAVALCADE has one, however, in "A Bomb for the Governor", a typical war-history which made more

like vivid fiction than an evening to the life of Walter Nash. But Walter Nashes do us much.

• **SHREKIDS.** Lolita Kingsbury is an Australian girl—a trained journalist who, on Government and private press work has travelled extensively. Lolita is not hard to look at, she was certainly full of courage when she determined to meet, while she was in the east, a real, live, Arab sheikh. Mac Lane back in Australia she tells the story (page 8 this issue) complete with diaphanousness.

• **DERRESTALKER.** There is real-life material about that never-stale name, Sherlock Holmes, in the fact that the son of the great Sherlock's creator has turned out to be a shag-bark himself—and that for the benefit of the world's most beautiful girl Ray Symcox who tells CAVALCADE readers (page 12) all about it. Is no reborn writer he is a personal friend of both Adams and Dennis Coates Doyle, whom he met in England, and is Adams's personal representative in Australia.

• **COMING.** Did we appear to make some promise of a "whodunnit" for the long human feature? Ah, yes; that would be "Don't Go Near the Water" we were thinking about. Here John L. Minton, absent from our pages nearly a year, tells the adventures of a smart girl in a smart staff trying to outsmart somebody who thought that a million pounds was worth a murder.



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120 CAVALCADE, August, 1947



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